National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SLAVERY.

From The Boston Courier.

BALTIMORE, Monday, Dec. 19.

TO HON. EDWARD EVERETT—*My Dear Sir:* Perhaps too much importance has been attached to that insane outbreak of fanaticism at Harper's Ferry; but the sympathy with such a deed of violence and blood which has been manifested at the North—can any patriot, any good man, observe this without amazement and alarm? I know the friends of our common country are mistaken when they complain that the grand Union demonstrations in Boston and other cities have not been duly appreciated here and elsewhere. They have gladdened all true American hearts; they have brought tears to many eyes; and caused multitudes to say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Still, while members are elected to Congress who openly avow their hostility to the South, it is idle to expect too much confidence in any assurances of fraternal affection proclaimed in popular assemblies, no matter with what sincerity and enthusiasm. I read your noble address with delight. I looked at the touching picture, "The last days of Webster," and exclaimed, "O, for one note of that clarion voice now!" But the South could wish to hear what the Massachusetts Senators and Representatives say. Would they avow these patriotic sentiments? Could they speak as you did without forfeiting their places?

Here, in this city, and over this land, North and South, I fear we are feeling—and will experience still more mournfully—the wisdom of this prophetic warning, once uttered by Mr. Burke: "When bad men combine, good men must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

The question you propose I can answer confidently; for, in leaving the bar and entering the ministry, I had intended to devote myself entirely to the instruction of the slaves in South Carolina. For some time I confined myself to that mission, and I found everywhere among masters a prompt and active coöperation. True, there were laws forbidding the negroes to assemble without a certain number of white persons, but I violated that law most industriously—meeting thousands from different plantations and preaching to them. This would not be allowed now. Another statute, forbidding any one to teach the negroes to read, was treated with as little regard. In almost every family, servants learned to read—some of them in my own household, not only reading, but writing a much better hand than their master. Indeed, such was the general prejudice against this latter enactment that, in an address on the religious instruction of slaves, prepared at the request of the South Carolina Agricultural Society, I strongly urged its repeal. Just about that time an attempt was made to abuse the mail by circulating incendiary works, and I was thus compelled to withdraw that portion of the address—the President of the Society, Gov. Seabrook, a most benevolent gentleman, producing these pamphlets and insisting that the law was necessary for the protection of the slaves themselves.

In June, 1845, there assembled in Charleston a body of men, representing almost all the wisdom and wealth of South Carolina. There were present, also, delegates from Georgia, and, I believe, from other States. It was a meeting of the Association for the Improvement, Moral and Religious, of the Slave Population. The venerable Judge Huger presided. Having been appointed to address that large and noble audience, I did not hesitate to speak my whole mind; appealing to masters to imitate the Antonines and other magnanimous Roman Emperors, to become the guardians of their slaves, to have laws enacted protecting them in their relations as husbands and wives and parents; to recognize the rights which the Gospel asserts for servants as well as masters. In a word, I pressed upon them the solemn obligations which their power over these human beings imposed upon them—obligations only the more sacred because their power was so irresponsible.

That august assembly not only honored me with their attention, but expressed their approval, the presiding officer concurring most emphatically in the views submitted.

I need scarcely tell you that no such address would be regarded as wise or prudent at this time. It is not that masters are less engaged in seeking to promote the moral and religious well-being of their servants; but measures which once could have been adopted most beneficially would now only expose master and servant to the baneful influence of fanatical intermeddling.

If anything is certain, it is that the Gospel does not recognize hatred, abuse, violence and blood as the means by which good is to be done. The Gospel is a system of love. It assails no established social relations, but it infuses love into the hearts of those who are bound together, and thus unites them in affection. If the Gospel is to emancipate slaves, it will be not by insurrection and massacre, but by a love which will melt off their bonds. Let the spirit of the New Testament triumph, and all wrath and anger and bitterness will cease. The South and the North will harmoniously consult as to the best interests of the Africans now in our midst; and masters will seek to promote the best welfare of those who have been committed to their care.

I think I speak accurately when I say that hitherto every sacrifice for the emancipation of slaves has been made by Southern men; and many hundred thousands of dollars have been expended in such liberations. The North has wasted large sums for abolition books and lectures; for addresses calculated to inflame the imagination of the women and children, and to mislead multitudes of men—most excellent and pious, but utterly ignorant as to the condition of things at the South. We now find, indeed, that money has been contributed even for the purchase of deadly weapons to be employed against the South, and to enlist the most ferocious passions in secret crusades, compared with which an open invasion by foreign enemies would be a blessing. I believe, however, that not one cent has yet been given to set on foot—or even to encourage when proposed—any plausible enterprise for the benefit of the slave.

In the providence of God some of these people have been placed under my care. My responsibilities have pressed heavily upon me; nor have I failed to seek from God, and from the wisdom of the wisest men, a knowledge of my duty to them. I am no politician, seeking to make capital out of this dangerous subject. I am a Christian, seeking to obey God in all things. And willing to make great sacrifices, to reduce myself and family to comparative poverty, if I could improve their condition, I have twice made overtures to men of influence and wealth of the North—once publicly, in a correspondence with Dr. Wayland, and once more privately—and I have, in all sincerity, invited one, or two, or fifty, to manifest a willingness to part with even a pittance of their wealth, and then show me what could be done to promote the happiness and welfare of these slaves. But not a single response have I ever heard whispered. While writing the first of these propositions there was under my roof in Carolina a violent Abolitionist from New England, a man of great wealth. I read the letter to him before it was sent, and he expressed his astonishment at my venturing on such a step; but neither he nor any other man has intimated a willingness to part with money, that the negro might be rescued from what they profess to regard as a deplorable abyss of misery.

Yet the South is denounced for not at once immolating four thousand millions of property, guaranteed to them by the Constitution; for not at once abandoning to weeds and brambles millions of fertile acres; for not breaking up their entire social system, and either driving their servants from their comfortable homes, to become vagabonds in other States, which will again drive them out of their borders, or else harboring in their midst hordes of discontented, indolent vagrants, utterly unfit for freedom, who would certainly be exterminated, unless, in mercy, they were again reduced to servitude. Because they will not do all this—will not inflict this suicidal wrong upon themselves, and try this fatal experiment upon the servants they love—because they will not thus ruin their families and desolate their hearths and homes, and all this in violation of their best convictions of duty, they are to be the objects of incessant calumny, to be pillaged and murdered in cold blood by their own fellow-citizens, who are heroes and martyrs for doing this butchery.

I do now believe that the guardianship of a kind master is, at this time, a great blessing to the African. If emancipation is ever to take place, it will be gradually, and under the mild, but resistless, influence of the Gospel. Whether slavery be an evil or not, we at the South did not bring these Africans here—we protested against their introduction. The true friend of the African is at the South, and thousands of hearts there are seeking to know what can be done for this race. There must be some limits to human responsibility, and a man in New England has no more right to interfere with the institutions of Virginia than he has to interfere with those of England or France. All such interference will be repelled by the master, but it will prove injurious to the slave. Dr. Channing was regarded as a leading Abolitionist in his day; but could that noble man now rise up, he would stand aghast at the madness which is rife everywhere on this subject. "One great principle, which we should lay down as immovably true, is, that if a good work cannot be carried on by the calm, self-controlled, benevolent spirit of Christianity, then the time for doing it has not come." Such was his language, when opposing slavery. Were he now living, the delirious spirit of the day would denounce him, as it denounced Mr. Webster, and now denounces you and every true patriot. Nay, even Mr. Beecher is abused, as not truculent enough.

Jesus saw slavery all around him. Did he seek to employ force? He said: "All power in heaven and earth is given unto me; therefore, *go teach, go preach the Gospel.*"

No language can express my love for this Union. Others speak of the blessings it confers; I regard the Union itself as the greatest blessing; and other advantages chiefly to be prized because they corroborate and perpetuate the Union. Hitherto I have smiled at all croaking about disunion; now I feel that the Union is in imminent danger. The tocsin of rebellion is heard from many quarters. It is written in the book of Genesis, that when Rebecca, in danger of expiring, cried to God to know the cause of the strange pangs by which her frame was convulsed, the angel replied, "Thou carriest two hostile nations in thy bosom." Unless Heaven interposes, this land must be rent and torn by two nations burning with the fiercest hostility, and engaged in a fratricidal and most horrible warfare. I rejoice that there are yet spared to us some men of the old revolutionary stamp; men with hearts, like yours, to love the Union; with eloquence, like yours, to sound the alarm ere it is too late, and to rally to the cause of the Union all who are worthy to be citizens of this great and glorious Republic.

With great esteem, my dear sir, I am sincerely yours,

RD. FULLER.

ATTENTION DRAWN TO THE TRUE ISSUE.

LETTER FROM CHARLES O'CONOR

[This eminent lawyer, in reply to the request of a few merchant doughfaces to be furnished with a correct copy of his speech at the late Union-saving meeting at the Academy of Music, for circulation at the South, wrote the following letter.]

GENTLEMEN: The measure you propose meets my entire approval.

I have long thought that our disputes concerning negro slavery would soon terminate if the public mind could be drawn to the true issue, and steadily fixed upon it. To effect this object was the sole aim of my address.

Though its ministers can never permit the law of the land to be questioned by private judgment, there is, nevertheless, such a thing as natural justice. Natural justice has the Divine sanction; and it is impossible that any human law which conflicts with it should long endure.

Where mental enlightenment abounds, where morality is professed by all, where the mind is free, speech is free, and the press is free, is it possible, in the nature of things, that a law which is admitted to conflict with natural justice, and with God's own mandate, should long endure?

You will admit that, within certain limits, at least, our Constitution does contain positive guarantees for the preservation of negro slavery in the old States through all time, unless the local Legislatures shall think fit to abolish it. And, consequently, if negro slavery, however humanely administered or judiciously regulated, be an institution which conflicts with natural justice and with God's law, surely the most vehement and extreme admirers of John Brown's sentiments are right; and their denunciations against the Constitution, and against the most hallowed names connected with it, are perfectly justifiable.

The friends of truth, the patriotic Americans who would sustain their country's honor against foreign rivalry, and defend their country's interests against all assailants, err greatly when they contend with these men on any point but one. Their general principles cannot be refuted; their logic is irresistible; the error, if any there be, is in their premises. They assert that negro slavery is unjust. This, and this alone, of all they say, is capable of being fairly argued against.

If this proposition cannot be refuted, our Union cannot endure, and it ought not to endure.

Our negro bondmen can neither be exterminated nor transported to Africa. They are too numerous for either process, and either, if practicable, would involve a violation of humanity. If they were emancipated, they would relapse into barbarism, or a set of negro States would arise in our midst possessing political equality and entitled to social equality. The division of parties would soon make the negro members a powerful body in Congress—would place some of them in high political stations, and occasionally let one into the executive chair.

It is in vain to say that this could be endured—it is simply impossible.

What then remains to be discussed?

The negro race is upon us. With a Constitution which held them in bondage, our Federal Union might be preserved; but if so holding them in bondage be a thing forbidden by God and Nature, we cannot lawfully so hold them, and the Union must perish.

This is the inevitable result of that conflict which has now reached its climax.

Among us at the North, the sole question for reflection, study and friendly interchange of thought should be—Is negro slavery unjust? The rational and dispassionate inquirer will find no difficulty in arriving at my conclusion. It is fit and proper; it is, in its own nature, as an institution, beneficial to both races; and the effect of this assertion is not diminished by our admitting that many faults are practised under it. Is not such the fact in respect to all human laws and institutions?

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, yours truly,

CHARLES O'CONOR.

FRUITS OF ABOLITIONISM.

From The Journal of Commerce.

1. THE Abolitionists have retarded the extinction of slavery for half a century at least.
2. They have caused many deaths by violence, and sent distress into thousands of families in the slaveholding States.
3. They have or will have caused the free negroes to be expelled from most of those States, greatly to their injury and distress.
4. They have caused the slaves throughout the Southern States to be more vigilantly guarded, and more severely dealt with in case of insubordination.
5. They have tied up the hands of anti-slavery men in the slaveholding States, and caused many of them to be expelled or imprisoned, including abolition lecturers, preachers, book pedlers, &c. Or if some of them have not yet been expelled, they doubtless soon will be. Many innocent persons are greatly inconvenienced, through unfounded suspicion. A missionary of the Southern Aid Society writes as follows: "Only the light of eternity can reveal the extent of the suffering caused to innocent thousands by that wretched affair at Harper's Ferry. May God restore peace to our country, and prosperity to his Church in it."
6. They have greatly damaged the merchants, manufacturers, and, in fact, the whole population of the North, by checking the interchange of commodities with the South, heretofore so advantageous to all concerned.
7. They have exposed our nation to the direst calamities, which none but God can wholly avert.
8. They have shown themselves to be without common discernment, or else reckless of consequences to everybody but themselves. Who, after this, would be an Abolitionist?

ABUSE OF THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

From The Express.

Wendell Phillips, by invitation of the Albany Young Men's Association, will deliver his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture in that city on the evening of February 2.—*Tribune.*

How much longer are Young Men's Associations at the North to lend themselves to the dissemination of the abominable opinions this man Phillips habitually gives utterance to? It is no credit to the country that so large a proportion of the "lectures" delivered before the associations in question are replete with infidel or unpatriotic sentiments, and it would be far better that the whole lecturing system should come to an end than that the present course should be continued. The country showed its good sense when it compelled the exclusion of Theodore Parker from the Lyceum platform, and it is to be hoped that the good work will be continued until such men as Phillips, Cheever, Beecher, Bellows, Emerson, and other agitators of the same school, shall be utterly silenced, so far as our Young Men's Associations are concerned. If they must give vent to their profane or unpatriotic ribaldry, let it fall upon the ears of their particular admirers only, and not upon those of an insulted community. These associations, we fear, are much to blame in this respect. A desire to secure large receipts has induced many of them to pander to depraved tastes, and in this way the public conscience has been blighted by the insidious and persistent inculcation of pernicious principles, moral, political and social. If your Young Men's Associations cannot be sustained except at such sacrifices as these, let them cease altogether. Let well-disposed persons everywhere set their faces against this shameful prostitution of one of the otherwise beneficent institutions of the day.

Selections.

REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

From The Tribune.

AN IRISHMAN IMPRISONED AND BANISHED.

In *The Augusta* (Ga.) *Evening Dispatch* of the 29th ult. is the following editorial paragraph:

"ARRESTED.

"A man named James Crangale, hailing from Columbia, S. C., was arrested by the police, last night, for giving vent to Abolition sentiments, while in a state of intoxication, and is now in durance."

A second edition of this story is published in *The Charleston* (S. C.) *Mercury* of Dec. 31, two days later, and is as follows:

"VIGILANCE.—Passengers from Augusta report that an Abolitionist was tarred and feathered in that city on Friday. His name is represented to be James Crangale, recently from Columbia."

Mr. Crangale arrived in this city, from Charleston, on Saturday last, in the steamer Nashville. His story we have from his own lips, and, we think, it may be repeated to the edification of Mr. O'Conor's countrymen who believe slavery to be an excellent institution, and who vote the Democratic ticket, and for the information of those Union-saving gentlemen who have debts to collect on account, or under judgments, at the South.

Mr. James Crangale is by birth an Irishman, educated to the law, who emigrated to this country about two and a half years since. Being under a necessity of earning a livelihood, he made an engagement, soon after his arrival in this city, to go as clerk into the establishment of Messrs. Gray & Turley, Dry Goods Merchants of Savannah and Augusta. After a brief stay in the former place, in the employment of Messrs. Gray & Turley, he was sent by them to the establishment at Augusta, when they refused to retain him longer in their service. He returned to Savannah, where he soon obtained the place of Deputy Clerk to the Court of Ordinary of Chatham County, Ga. Since that time he has lived quietly, unobtrusively and inoffensively, busy with the duties of his office, and in qualifying himself to be admitted to the bar. With the subject of slavery he never meddled, and never, in any way, expressed an opinion in regard to it.

Feeling, however, that he had been unjustly dealt with by Messrs. Gray & Turley, who had induced him to go to the South, and had then broken the engagement between them without regard to the consequences that might ensue to him, a stranger and friendless in a strange land, he sued them for his salary under the contract. The suit was brought in a Justice's Court, and a decision given in his favor. Appeal was made by Messrs. Gray & Turley to the Superior Court, where the decision of the Court below was confirmed, and judgment granted against the defendants. This end, however, was not gained without some difficulty. Three lawyers successively threw up his case, after delaying it for several months, and he at length carried his suit through, and brought it to a successful issue by acting as his own counsel. But even here was not an end to the legal obstacles in the way of justice. With the judgments in his hand, he went to one after another of the officers of the law in Savannah, but could find none who would execute the duties of their office against a well-known, influential and wealthy house in behalf of a poor and friendless Irishman. He appealed to the Solicitor-General, Julian Hartridge, to lay the conduct of these delinquent officials before the Grand Jury, but it was only to meet with a refusal from that gentleman, on the ground that an indictment against them would also involve one against the attorneys for the defendants.

Hopeless of redress in Savannah, Mr. Crangale went to Augusta, trusting that in that place, where Messrs. Gray & Turley are holders of property, he should be able to find officers who would serve the judgment of the Court against them. On his arrival, he went to the United States Hotel, kept by Messrs. Dobey & Mosher, and took a room. In the course of the evening he was waited upon by a man, calling himself John Neilly, who invited him out upon the sidewalk in front of the hotel, and there said to him that, understanding him to be an Abolitionist, he, Neilly, on behalf of the Vigilance Committee, directed him to leave town immediately. Mr. Crangale at once refused to act on this order. He was there, he said, for the purpose simply of collecting money due him on a judgment of the Superior Court, and for nothing else; and that if they could prove him to be an Abolitionist, they were welcome to hang him. He was permitted, then, to return to the bar-room of the hotel, where he presently related the summons that had been served upon him, and the conversation that ensued. Thereupon, James Hughes, the bar-keeper, came forward and stated that he knew that Crangale was an Abolitionist; that he had this information from Andrew Gray, who said that "Crangale was a damned Abolitionist and rascal, and ought to be put out of the way." Mr. Crangale again denied the allegation. He understood now, however, the source and meaning of the accusation, for Andrew Gray is a brother of the senior partner in the house of Gray & Turley.

About 2 o'clock that night, when asleep in bed, his room was broken into by three constables, named Everett, King and Ramsay, accompanied by about twenty of the Vigilance Committee, who arrested him. They dragged him out of bed, and, after taking from him his overcoat and valise, hurried him off to jail. The next day he was waited upon by another constable, one Ford, who demanded his keys, which he refused to give up. Ford assured him that if no abolition documents were found in his possession, he would be discharged; but if the charge against him should be proved, he would be hung up at the prison gates by the Vigilance Committee. To persist in refusing to give up his keys, Ford assured him, would be considered as equivalent to a confession of guilt, and he should call the committee to execute speedy judgment. Under these threats, he had no alternative but to comply with the demand for the keys, and surrendered them. In the evening of that day Mr. Olin, a Justice of the Peace, called upon him, and informed him that Mr. Foster Blodget, Jr., the Mayor of Augusta, had filed an affidavit against him, which was sufficient to swear away ten lives, if he had so many. This formidable document, which Mr. Olin showed him, asserted that he, the Mayor, had been informed and believed that the errand of Crangale at the South was to stir up an insurrection among the slaves, and that he was doing so; that he had asserted that the slaves would be justified in rising against their masters; that the people of the North would be justified in putting arms into the hands of the slaves; that the people of Massachusetts were justified in aiding and arming the "niggers" at Harper's Ferry; and that he, the Mayor, was prepared to prove these assertions. Mr. Crangale met these charges with a flat denial. He assured Mr. Olin that the whole story was a falsehood, a fiction from beginning to end; that he had never held and had never uttered any such sentiments. Mr. Olin thereupon informed him that his trial would take place the next day, and advised him to send for and engage as his counsel Col. Cumming, a well-known lawyer, and one of the most respectable and influential citizens of Augusta. The advice was taken, and Col. Cumming applied to. He called that evening, and, after listening to Mr. Crangale's statement, to his honor be it said, consented to defend the case.

All this time, it should be remembered, the prisoner was held under no legal process, but, though confined in the City Prison, and visited by the officers of the law, was simply in the custody of the Vigilance Committee. The next morning he was ordered into court, and on his way thither was arrested at the suit of the State on a charge of endeavoring to incite an insurrection among the slaves, and was arraigned before Justices Olin and Piquet. The statute of the State which provides the penalty of death for the crime with which the prisoner was charged was read, when Col. Cumming moved that the case be carried to the Superior Court, which would sit the latter part of January, and that the prisoner be remanded to take his trial at that time. He gave as his reasons for this motion that the present trial was held, in fact, by the Vigilance Committee, who alone constituted the audience, and who would hang the accused then and there, if the slightest shadow of suspicion could attach to him. Mr. Crangale himself, however, arose and opposed this motion. Strong in his own innocence, he wished the trial to proceed, and did not fear the result. The witnesses were then called and examined. They were Charles M'Calla, John Neilly, Allen Davy, Thomas T. Fogarty, and James Hughes, the bar-keeper at the United States Hotel. Their evidence, however, was only hearsay. Not one of them knew anything, of his own knowledge, of the prisoner; not one of them had ever heard him utter a single abolition opinion, or any opinion whatever, upon the subject of slavery, and none of them knew anything about him, good, bad or indifferent. The only evidence of any moment was that of Hughes, who testified, on a cross-examination, that Andrew Gray had pointed out the prisoner to him as an Abolitionist; and that of Neilly, who acknowledged that he had agreed and proposed that the prisoner should be hanged, without the formality of a trial, at the time of his arrest, upon the lamp-post opposite the United States Hotel. This admission passed even without rebuke from the Court. But the Court was more vigilant when Hughes admitted that Gray had pointed out the prisoner to him as an Abolitionist, and ruled out the evidence on the ground that the trade of Augusta with the North would be injured should it become known that such was their method of dealing with creditors. After the witnesses had been examined, Col. Cumming addressed the Court, in a speech evidently so fearless as to have exercised a strong influence over the minds of the Court and audience, and marked by a degree of sound common sense hitherto unheard of under such circumstances. He denounced these Vigilance Committees as self-made tribunals, constituting themselves as at once witnesses and judges, and as actuated by no higher motive than a determination to denounce all Northern men of property as Abolitionists, for the purpose of ruining them and dividing the spoils among themselves. The statute of Georgia, providing the penalty of death for inciting the slaves to insurrection, he said, on the other hand, though severe, was none too much so. It behooved the South to keep both its eyes and ears open to protect their property against incendiaries. But the innocent, he declared, should not be accused and subjected to persecution. Under the effect of this speech, and as no tittle of evidence could be produced against Mr. Crangale, the Court had but one course to pursue, and the prisoner was acquitted. He was nevertheless condemned to pay the costs of prosecution, the fees of the Vigilance Committee, who had arrested him without legal process, and the cost of the imprisonment which he had been compelled to suffer, and was remanded to jail till payment was made. On arriving at the hotel, his coat and valise, which the committee had taken from him, were produced, but the pocket-book, containing nearly a hundred dollars, and which he had left in the coat-pocket, was not to be found. Again he was taken to the Court, where he stated the circumstances to Justice Olin. But that gentleman refused to believe him. "I have," he said, to the prisoner, "acquitted you simply for want of evidence; but I still believe you are an Abolitionist, a God d——d Abolitionist, and you had better confess it. You are," he continued, "a fool, a God d——d fool. Have not your friends told you so? Do you not know it yourself?" He then ordered him to open his valise, declaring that if anything was found in it to convict him, there were enough of the "boys" present to string him up. The prisoner at first refused to obey this order. The valise and the keys, he said, had been out of his possession for two days; he did not know what might have been put in the valise, and he did not choose to take the chance of being hanged on such a contigency. On the threats being repeated, however, he consented to open the valise, which fortunately had not been tampered with, and where nothing was found but his clothing and some papers relative to the debt which he had come to Augusta to collect. Word was then sent to Col. Sneed, the President of the Vigilance Committee, of the inability of the prisoner to discharge the bill of costs, and to demand its payment of him, as the representative of the party making the arrest. Col. Sneed refused. The Mayor was then sought for to make the same demand of him as prosecutor, but he could not be found. It seemed perfectly clear to the Justice that the bill had to be paid by somebody, and, as those from whom it was rightfully due could not be compelled to, he chose to act on the principle that possession is nine points of the law, and hold him responsible whom he had in his power. A new committal was made out, and Mr. Crangale returned to jail till he could pay the costs of his own false imprisonment. After suffering a further confinement of thirty-three hours, and it being evident that there was no relenting on the part of his persecutors, he wrote to Colonel Cumming to thank him for his generous services, and to ask for another interview on his behalf. Soon after, Mr. Alfred Cumming, a son of Col. Cumming, appeared at the jail, paid the fees demanded, and the prisoner was released. Mr. Olin had advised him to be off the moment he was out of jail, as there were "boys enough about," he said, "to string him up." As he had every reason to believe in the soundness of this counsel, he left immediately, and arrived, as we have already stated, in this city on Saturday.

We subjoin a copy of the bill for the non-payment of which Mr. Crangale was detained in the Augusta jail thirty-three hours; and had not this sum been generously advanced by Col. Cumming, he would, no doubt, have been still in confinement, unless, indeed, the old cry of "*a la lanterne*" had been fulfilled in his case in *this* modern Reign of Terror.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 31, 1859.

MR. JAMES CRANGALE,

To Richmond County Jail,	Dr.
For three days board, on self, at 50c	$ 1 50
Turnkey's Fee	1 20
Committing, Marshal and Constable cost	11 58
Jailer, R. C	1 25
Received payment	$15 33

URIAH SLACK.

It will be observed that Mr. Crangale still owes Richmond County, Georgia, twenty cents, if he ever owed it anything, as Mr. Uriah Slack made an error to that amount in adding up the items. It is all he has gained to carry to the credit of his account against Messrs. Gray & Turley.

A SLAVE CONSPIRATOR TO BE HUNG.

JERRY, a slave belonging to Col. Francis McCormick, of Clarke County, Va., was lately tried and condemned to death on a charge of conspiring with other slaves to rebel. *The Conservator* gives the following account of the case:

"The prisoner, with another negro man, was at work in his master's field, when Mr. Chamblin, a white man, who was a stranger to them, happened to pass that way. Entering into conversation with the negroes, at first without any particular motive, he inquired who was their master, where he was, how many negroes he had, and how many colored men?

These questions were answered with so much alacrity by the man Jerry, who seemed so willing to communicate the facts, that the white man became suspicious, and finally asked him what he thought of the Harper's Ferry affair. Jerry replied that he was glad to hear of it. "Why were you not there?" asked the witness. "Because I did not know exactly when to go," was the reply. "Would you have gone if you had known?" "Yes; and I have four sons that would have followed me. I would be ready to go at any time." And then, turning to the other negro, he added, "Would not you go, too?" To this the other negro assented and asked the witness if he was one of Brown's men, which being answered in the affirmative, "Yes," added Jerry, "he is going about letting us know. He then told the witness where he would find other negroes to talk with on the subject, stating that the patrol was out, and would not let them (the negroes) go from one place to another without a pass. He said there had been some burnings since the patrol commenced, and that "we will keep on burning until they are stopped."

About ten days afterward, the same witness went back for the purpose of eliciting more facts from the prisoner. He was gladly received by Jerry, who recognised him, and told him that there had been more burnings since he last saw him, stating that the patrol had not been out that week, and that he and others had made a plot, the night before, to burn the house of Daniel H. Sowers in the dark of the moon. At that juncture, Mr. Alfred Castleman appeared in sight, passing along the road, and Jerry commenced abusing him most violently to the witness, stating that he intended to burn him out himself; that he had been to Berryville the Sunday before to get matches, but could not get any. (It was proved by another witness that Jerry was in Berryville the previous Sunday) They were then joined by the other negro, Joe, and the conversation turned upon John Brown, then in jail, under sentence of death, and the possibility of rescuing him, Joe remarking that he had heard that an army was coming on to take him out of jail; "and if we join them, we can take him out," to which the prisoner (Jerry) assented, provided they could stop the patrol, so they could get about.

The Court, composed of five magistrates, after hearing able arguments from both sides, and duly considering the evidence and arguments, unanimously found the prisoner guilty of plotting and conspiring to excite slaves to rebel and make insurrection, and appointed Friday, the 17th day of February next, for his execution, at the same time strongly recommending him to the mercy of the Executive.

Thus has another life been forfeited (as we have not the remotest idea that Gov. Letcher will be so indiscreet as to commute Jerry's sentence) to the wicked and diabolical conspiracy of which John Brown, the "murdered martyr," was but the nominal head, and for which others yet unhung are with him equally responsible.

Mr. Chamblin, the witness in this case, deserves the thanks of the community for having, at his own peril, ferreted out this conspiracy. Like many others who have been the most true to Virginia in her hour of trial, he is a non-slaveholder.

Joe, the other slave of Col. McC., above referred to, was ordered to be sold out of the State.

A NEW-YORKER EXPELLED FROM KNOXVILLE.

From The Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig.

ON Monday, a man from New York, by the name of Cregar, was taken up by a committee, who waited on him, and brought him before a meeting of our citizens in the Court-house, upon the charge of being an Abolitionist. He was called upon to state his own case, and he did so by saying that he had been forced to leave Asheville upon a short notice; that he was an anti-slavery man; had rode in a wagon with a slave near Asheville, and had told the negro what wages were at the North, &c. According to his own version, he is an Abolitionist; but he said that he had not tampered with any slaves—did not believe it right to run negroes out of the South, and he was opposed to getting up insurrections. His business was to sell fruit trees and shrubbery for an extensive establishment at Rochester. The excitement was very great, the crowd was large, and at one time the consequences threatened to be serious. Rev. James Park opened the meeting with a sensible address, in which he counselled moderation, and expressed the hope that the citizens would preserve their dignity, and calmly listen to reason, and not to the suggestions of passion. We considered his remarks well-timed, and his sentiments proper, and we stated to the meeting that we indorsed the sentiments of Mr. Park, and urged upon the citizens to act in keeping with their magnanimity of character, and not to inflict personal violence upon the man, unless they had other and stronger testimony against him. At this stage of the game, the sentiment of the crowd was that Cregar ought to be required to leave the State in a reasonable length of time, but that he ought not to be treated with violence. But Gen. Ramsay, the late defeated candidate for Congress, came down upon the stand and delivered one of the most uncalled-for, ill-timed, not to say infamous, speeches we ever listened to under the circumstances. He was for crucifying the man, as an example to others. He was grossly insulting to all who counselled moderation; he made the political party issue, and placed all who were not for violence in the attitude of hostility to the South, and launched out against the Union and in favor of dissolution.

Col. O. P. Temple followed Gen. Ramsey, and gave him a most severe, but merited, castigation for the speech he had delivered, denouncing his sentiments as worthy alone of scorn and contempt, and was loudly cheered by the audience.

Speeches were also made by James R. Cooke, Esq., and Will L. Scott, Esq., who took the proper view of the subject, and counselled moderation, deprecating the great evil of mob law prevailing to a dangerous extent in the South, and hoped that reason, moderation and justice would be acted out on this occasion.

After these speeches were delivered, the committee of three, who were out, brought in a report requiring Cregar to leave in twenty-four hours. This was, as we understood it, so amended as to allow him three days to wind up his business, and this, we are inclined to think, met with the approval of the meeting. But an unfortunate debate sprang up between Messrs. Park and Charlton, and the consequences threatened, for a time, to be fearful, as the friends of these gentlemen drew weapons. But, by the interference of friends, peace was restored, the crowd dispersed and the New-Yorker has left for his congenial North, where he ought to remain.

From The Kinderhook Rough Notes.

A SHAKER CITIZEN OF COLUMBIA COUNTY EXPELLED FROM VIRGINIA.

AMONG the many ludicrous incidents consequent upon the raid of the eccentric and fanatical man, the late John Brown, upon the unsuspecting and peaceable citizens of Harper's Ferry, there was one in which a resident of this county bore a very conspicuous part.

One of the peaceable and exemplary Shakers from New Lebanon, in this county, was on his yearly tour through south-western Pennsylvania and the adjacent parts of Virginia, peddling his garden seeds, or rather supplying his old customers with their usual stock for the ensuing spring demand. While quietly moving along the highway with his horses and wagon, with a close box (painted green, probably) in which his seeds were packed, secure from rain and fogs, and without even knowing that he had passed the boundaries of Pennsylvania and entered into the land of chivalry, he was suddenly arrested in his progress, and charged with being an incendiary Abolitionist. His vigilant captors were informed that though his closed wagon-box contained materials that would *expand*, if properly sowed in their gardens in the spring, they were not really of an *explosive* nature.

The Virginia vigilants were incredulous, strongly suspected that he was a very dangerous character, and proceeded with due care and caution (probably fearing that some "infernal machines" were mixed up with the small boxes containing seeds) to overhaul and examine the contents of the wagon. Though finding neither powder, nor Sharp's rifles, nor warlike pikes, they were far from being satisfied that all was right—pronounced him to be a very suspicious and dangerous character, and lodged him in jail, or some other safe "lock-up," for the night.

On the following morning, a company of brave and chivalrous militia was assembled, with muskets and bayonets in hand, and, with the soul-inspiring music of fife and drum, he was safely escorted and guarded back from "Old Virginia's shore" into the State of Pennsylvania, and the agitation and alarm caused by his presence in that part of the "Old Dominion" quieted and allayed; and then did the chivalry breathe calmly and freely again.

This incident is regarded as eminently worthy of being recorded in history as the first occasion on which it was found necessary to call out a military company for the protection of the citizens of any community from the evil designs of an unoffending, unwarlike and non-combatant Shaker.

From The Binghamton Standard, Jan. 11.

MORE DESPOTISM.

ON Saturday last and over the Sabbath our friends Dr. S. Meigs Case and lady made us a visit, on their northward flight from the Barbary States of this "glorious Union." The facts of their case, in brief, are these. They left their home at Oneonta, Otsego Co., some three months ago, for the purpose of establishing a young ladies' Seminary of a high order at Salem, Alabama, and also to secure the needed aids of a milder climate. After some months of preliminary work, repairing seminary buildings, &c., involving the expenditure of several hundred dollars, Dr. Case was suddenly notified that he must leave, and that, too, at once!

A secret meeting had been held, resolutions passed, and the fiat issued, from which there was no appeal. And so, on a day's notice, with the loss of every dollar expended for repairs, living, and the loss of months of time, these unoffending people managed to escape the usual appliance of these Barbarians of Alabama, and are thus far safely on their way to free Northern homes, where we know they will be warmly comforted. We have known Dr. Case from a child, and his estimable lady for some ten years. None stand higher in the respect of the community wherever they are known. Mrs. C. has for years been a devoted and very useful teacher, and an efficient, influential Christian lady. Such are the people daily being driven out of slave-land, while peaceably pursuing their legitimate and lawful business, and the end is not yet, but let it come, if come it must.

EXPULSION OF FREE NEGROES FROM ARKANSAS.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 4.

AT the late session of the Arkansas Legislature an act was passed giving the free negroes of that State the alternative of migrating before Jan. 1, 1860, or of becoming slaves. As the time of probation has now expired, while some few individuals have preferred servitude, the great body of the free colored people of Arkansas are on their way northward. We learn that the upward-bound boats are crowded with them, and that Seymour, Ind., on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, affords a temporary home for others.

A party of forty, mostly women and children, arrived in this city last evening by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. They were welcomed by a committee of ten, appointed from the colored people of the city, by whom the refugees were escorted to the Dumas House, on McAllister street, at which place a formal reception was held. They were assured by the Chairman of the Reception Committee, Peter H. Clark, that if they were industrious and exemplary in their conduct, they would be sure to gain a good livelihood and many friends. The exiles, as before stated, are mostly women and children, the husbands and fathers being held in servitude. They report concerning the emigration that hundreds of the free colored men of Arkansas have left for Kansas, and hundreds more are about to follow.

THE ARKANSAS EXILES.—The colored persons driven from Arkansas by the Anti-Free-Negro Law of that State reached our city yesterday by the cars, the Hickman being detained in the ice. Upon their arrival they were waited upon by a committee of their people, who, through the chairman, Peter H. Clark, assured them they were welcome to Ohio, and told them that by sobriety, industry and exemplary habits, they would win friends and a support. They are forty in number, mostly women and children. The husbands of most of the women are slaves, and of course were left behind. They say that many of their people have gone to Kansas. They report that many young persons, and many who are far advanced in age, will allow themselves to be reduced to slavery rather than try the chances of a strange country. They are mostly from Little Rock.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

OTHER CASES.

MR. J. P. GILLESPIE, of New Albany (Ia.), publishes a card in the *Ledger*, of that city, in which he explains the circumstances connected with a recent visit which he made to Franklin, La., for the purpose of practising his profession. On his arrival there, it became noised about that he was an Abolitionist. A committee waited on him and advised him to leave the place forthwith if he wished to escape lynching. Mr. G. denied the accusation. A large crowd assembled around the hotel to carry out the threat, and Mr. G. armed himself and walked out into the crowd, demanding to know the person who made the accusation. Capt. Atkinson was given as the author, who had said that he (Gillespie) had gone into Kentucky, with an armed band of men, to rescue a 'nigger' thief by the name of Bell, and that they had carried off some slaves at the same time. Mr. Gillespie left on the following day on a steamer for Berwick Bay, and then for New Orleans, accompanied by a number of persons from Franklin, who pointed him out as an Abolitionist. Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans, he took passage on an up-river boat.

WE learn that Rev. Geo. Candee, Rev. Wm. Kendrick and Robert Jones, missionaries of the American Missionary Association, in Jackson Co., Ky. (Jones a colporter), were recently, near Laurel, where they were preaching, waited upon by a committee of five and requested to leave. They were engaged to preach the next morning, but were prevented by a mob, which took them a half mile and interrogated them, then took them five miles further and left them, after shaving their hair and beards and putting tar on their heads and faces. Mr. Kendrick was in the Union Theological Seminary of this city last year.—*Independent.*

THE Sylvania (Georgia) *News* reports that two book agents were treated to thirty-nine lashes each, after the style of "Russian executioners," by a planter in that vicinity, recently, because they had visited his plantation and rendered themselves not only disagreeable by their volubility, but suspicious by their conduct.

A DENTIST, who has advertised himself for the last eighteen months in Charleston, S. C., as desiring to cure tooth-ache without pain, was waited upon, on the 17th ult., by a committee, who were fortified by the oaths of two reliable citizens before a magistrate, and notified that, considering his avowed abolitionism, he must select another residence. He left.

MR. O'CONOR'S DEFENCE OF SLAVERY.

From The Tribune.

WE publish elsewhere a letter from Mr. Charles O'Conor,* clinching the doctrines of his late speech. We like Mr. O'Conor. He faces the music. He faces the authorities also. We gave a list of them a few days ago, twenty-eight in number, running all the way through the ages of history, from Socrates to Brougham.

Mr. O'Conor may be fairly termed the John Brown of politics. "No dangers fright him and no labors tire." He confronts a world in arms against his doctrines. What mental or moral tremor he may feel, we do not even conjecture; but he certainly displays none. Whether he is inwardly laughing at human gullibility, beneath a well-contrived mask, hiding his satisfaction at its display, we do not know, and probably never shall. We must fairly suppose, however, that he is in earnest. Used as he is to the occupation of a lawyer, and to unceasing efforts to make the worse appear the better reason, he may have taken up the side he now advocates with an ordinary sincerity.

In his letter, Mr. O'Conor frankly admits, with regard to his antagonists, that their "general principles cannot be refuted," and that their "logic is irresistible." He declares it to be impossible to assail the positions of the opponents of slavery on any other ground than that slavery is just, right and beneficent. If it is not this, the right of the argument is with the anti-slavery people, and contention with them, or opposition to their ideas, is idle. Herein we admire the clearness of Mr. O'Conor's view, and the immaculate soundness of his reasoning. It is true, every word true; and Mr. O'Conor's testimony, as an opponent of anti-slavery doctrine, is impartial, candid and must be deemed conclusive. There is thus nothing left for us to do but to show that slavery is unjust.

This is a comprehensive labor, but a most easy task. The demonstration is drawn from two sources. First, from the logic of the case; and, second, from its facts. The logic is very simple, and must be very familiar to Mr. O'Conor; and accordingly, for the present we will ask his attention to the facts. The printed collections of them are numerous. But we will not refer him to these. We will tell him a simple story never yet published, just by way of a sample parcel, as Mr. O'Conor's trading friends, to whom he addresses his letter, would say.

A little less than a year ago, an English gentleman and his family went to spend some months in South Carolina for his health. On their return to the North in the spring, they stopped on their way at the residence of a British Consul. He was at that time boarding at a hotel. A conversation arose on slavery. "Sir," said the landlord, "the slaves have an easy time, a very easy time. I have a slave woman in my house whom I keep well and feed well, and who has done little or no labor of any kind for the six years I have owned her." "That is very liberal of you, sir," replied the English gentleman. "Are such cases common?" "O, yes, very common." The next day the wife of the English gentleman was spending a little time in the sitting-room of the wife of the landlord. While there, a young, good-looking mulatto woman came in, appearing languid, and complaining of being sick.

Her mistress accosted her sharply, saying, "What's the matter now, Phillis; are you going to stop having children?" "Indeed, I hope so, missus; I would rather die than have any more," replied the girl. "Phillis," said the mistress, "don't let me hear you talk in that way. If you stop having children, I will sell you to go South at once." The slave left the room in tears. "Is that girl married?" "No," answered the landlady. "How long have you owned her?" "Five or six years," replied the landlady. "How many children has she had since you bought her?" "Four," replied the landlady. "All living?" "All: fine, fat and healthy." The landlord subsequently disclosed the fact that this was his breeding woman, bought and kept for the purpose, and the one to whom he alluded as having an "easy time." Her children had different fathers, chosen with reference to their stock qualities by the owner of the girl. She had been made to produce a child in almost every year since she had been purchased; and the landlord professed to be getting boys and girls, by his judicious system of crossing, equal to any in the State, and which would bring him the very highest prices. In what way the girl was coerced into this diabolical arrangement, we have seen by the interview in the sitting-room.

We do not attempt to heighten this picture. We give the simple facts as related to us months ago, by the gentleman in question, in the confidence of private intercourse; and for this reason we do not wish to be more particular as to details. We only vouch for the strict truth of the narration.

Now, Mr. O'Conor, you say slavery is just, beneficent, righteous. What do you think of this story? Can earth or hell disclose a blacker picture? Is a system whose daily history is illustrated by constantly recurring deeds like this, such a blessing as you declare slavery to be? On your honor as a man, what say you? Do not prevaricate. Do not palter in a double sense. It is no answer to say that all forms of civilization have their evils. Those evils are not inevitable. In the system of slavery, evils such as we have depicted *are* inevitable, perennially inevitable, while the nature of man endures. To approve slavery as you approve it, is to advocate hell upon earth.

From The Evening Post.

Mr. O'Conor is a bold man, but his excessive zeal for the South has betrayed him into a strange inconsistency. He should not, with his views, speak of the names of the framers of the Constitution as "hallowed," for every person familiar with the history of the men to whom he alludes knows that, almost without exception, they regarded slavery as unjust; and Mr. O'Conor must be perfectly aware that, in his speech at the Academy of Music, and in his letter, he sets himself in open hostility to the avowed opinions of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and all their prominent contemporaries. They framed a Constitution under which both free and slave States could exist, being allowed sovereign power to regulate their own institutions. But Mr. O'Conor says this will not do. You of the free States must acknowledge and believe that slavery is right, just and divine, or the Union must be and ought to be dissolved.

We admire while we pity a man who goes to work in earnest to accomplish an impossible thing. Don Quixote, with his rusty armor and famished steed, going forth to right all wrongs, stands in a sublime moral position, although Byron is of opinion that of all tales his history is saddest. When Mr. O'Conor prevails on all the people of the North, or even of the South, to believe that

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*See Pro-Slavery department.—*Ed. Standard.*

slavery is just and divine, he can pride himself on having accomplished a more prodigious feat than any hero of antiquity, and one quite as impossible as the knight of Mancha proposed to himself. If he fails, he proposes to dissolve the Union. Perhaps he will find this equally impossible; and thus his mission will prove twice a failure.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

In the speech of Chas. O'Conor, at the recent "Union-Saving Meeting" in New York, is the following sentence: "In truth, in fact and in deed, the white man in the slave-holding States has no more rightful exercise of authority under the law of the land, over his slave—can no more violate humanity—than any one of you—than any father in any of the free States of this Union can exercise acts violative of humanity towards his own son under the age of twenty-one years." All of which sounds well, and would be a very good defence of slavery if it was not a lie from beginning to end.

I have not introduced the language of so unscrupulous a defender of the institution for the purpose of commenting, but merely to relate an incident to illustrate, by way of contrast, the manner in which Southern slave-masters display the humanity of their laws, by their acts towards the slave, believing it to be slightly different from the manner in which the white men of the free States observe the laws of humanity and "of the land" towards their children.

A few days since, a good-looking, stalwart fellow, of a dark skin, secured passage over the U. G. R. R. toward Ohio, where friends cared for him as his necessities seemed to require. Around one of his ancles, which was chafed and raw, was one of the real badges of the divine institution. Turned around his ancle, and securely riveted, was a *clog* of iron, *four inches wide*, and weighing *sixteen pounds*.

This thing, with its edges but little rounded or smooth, he had dragged with him from one of the slave States into the town of Warren, Ohio, where it was taken off and at present is kept on exhibition as one of the most convincing arguments that the "white slaveholder cannot, in fact, in truth and in deed," exercise abusive power over his slave.

DR. FULLER TO EDWARD EVERETT.

Washington Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

There is something rich in this morning's Baltimore *Sun*. It is a letter from the Rev. Dr. Fuller to the Hon. Edward Everett.* It first saw the light (considering the circulation of the paper, I don't know but I should say "first saw obscurity") in the Boston *Courier*. The Reverend Richard tells the Honorable Edward in substance that, whereas a few years ago he was permitted to preach and to teach the slaves, despite the laws, now he can do so no more. Incidentally, the Reverend Richard speaks of the Honorable Edward and Union-saving meetings in the North. He calls the Honorable Edward a man of the "Revolutionary stamp." Perhaps he is, but there were two parties in the Revolutionary times. One of them was composed of true patriots—men who loved liberty and were not afraid to follow where liberty led them. The other party was composed of men who loved what was established—whether right or wrong—and were too timid to venture away from the shore, though they had a compass. If Edward Everett has a Revolutionary stamp upon him, whose stamp is it? Is it the stamp of the Tories or the Patriots?

But the Reverend Richard speaks of the Union meetings in Boston and New York, and elsewhere at the North. He deplores the statement made in some of the Southern papers that these meetings have not amounted to anything. The Reverend Richard thinks they have done something. "They have brought tears to many eyes," he says, "and have made multitudes say: 'Well done good and faithful *servants*.'" Don't you think the Honorable Edward must relish that?—to be called, together with all the Union-savers of New York and Boston, the "*faithful servants*" of the South? How much lower will these people go? It was bad enough to hold Union-saving meetings in localities where the people have always manifested a strong loyalty to the Union, and desire to preserve it. To do this that the South might not go out of the Union, and then have the South call the holders *servants!*

But I suppose the Honorable Edward and his fellow Union-savers feel as Geo. S. Hillard did when he said, in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention: "We must not smite the hand that feeds us."

RODERICK RANDOM.

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* See Pro-Slavery department.—*Editor.*

THE EXILES OF KENTUCKY.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The attention of Christians and all lovers of liberty is respectfully called to the following facts and considerations:

We, the undersigned, residents of Berea, Madison County, Kentucky, on the 23d day of December, 1859, were waited upon by sixty-two of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the County, who informed us that they had been appointed by the people to remove us from the State; and that if we were found within its borders at the expiration of ten days, they should expel us by force.

We were charged with the violation of no law, but told that the spread of anti-slavery sentiments (which we held) endangered their institutions. We were engaged as farmers, artisans, teachers and ministers, maintaining ourselves by our own industry (two of us as ministers receiving a partial support from the American Missionary Association), with no heated zeal for any "ism," but endeavoring quietly to promote the cause of Christ. We believed, and did not hesitate to declare when the occasion demanded, that slavery was a moral and social evil, which it was the duty of all good men to oppose. We set ourselves against the spirit of caste, and labored to suppress all feelings of hostility between non-slaveholders and slaveholders, between slaves and masters. In all things we sought wisdom from above, and aimed to exercise that wise discretion which is especially needed by those who hold unpopular opinions.

By the testimony of slaveholders, many of whom we reckon among our personal friends and well-wishers, our presence and labors had so changed that part of the county that it had become as noted for the upright conduct of its inhabitants as it once had been for horse-racing and intemperance. We had founded a Literary Institution, which was receiving a liberal patronage from all classes.

The settlement at Berea was increasing in numbers and importance, when, at the news of the Harper's Ferry foray, a wonderful panic seized the people of the county, which was increased by printed announcements that it had been discovered that an insurrection was soon to break out in Kentucky, that a box of Sharp's rifles, directed to one of our number, had been intercepted, and by other declarations equally false, until a perfect torrent of rage was stirred up against our community, already obnoxious because of its influence in favor of freedom. Honorable men, many of them slaveholders, and the mass of the people within a few miles of us, opposed this tide, but were unable to diminish its power. Finding themselves unable to check the rage of infuriated men, and that there was no protection for us by law, although we were not charged with the infringement of a single statute, they, with perfect unanimity, advised us to retire for a time, before the storm. Thinking it the part of wisdom to yield to the united request of our friends, whose counsels had the greater weight from the fact that our departure would be to their pecuniary disadvantage, and learning from various reliable sources that a rabble, beyond the control of the committee who waited upon us, were purposing to take the lives of some of us if we remained, we believed it to be our duty, though in mid-winter, to leave the county. Accordingly, we find ourselves to-day, with our wives and little ones, homeless and separated from the people with whom we hoped to live and die.

Under these circumstances, we feel constrained to address to you a few words. We do not desire to stir up your anger against our persecutors, for we feel confident that they know not what they do; nor do we wish especially to ask your sympathies in our behalf, but rather that you consider your duty, as Christians and patriots, to that multitude of other persons who, in various ways, are the victims of the system of slavery.

There are still outspoken anti-slavery men and Churches in the South, like ourselves, unprotected by law. They, as well as ourselves, have in vain sought the protection of magistrates and courts, and are daily liable to banishment, or, as the alternative, to death. Thousands, if not millions, are deprived of the privilege of free speech on the subject of slavery, because of that incubus which rests upon them by reason of the support given to the system by the Church and State. We ask you, if you care for freedom of speech, or Christ in the person of his poor, to remove this incubus, which is fast becoming a burden too heavy to be borne.

It is a humiliating fact that even yet, in the North, some of the largest denominations of Christians are in actual complicity with this system of outrage and injustice. They give to the iniquity position, and bid it God-speed, by ecclesiastical fellowship.

The same is true of many of the benevolent associations. If all churches and associations would treat slaveholding as they do other gross immoralities, soon respectable men would cease to defend or practise the iniquity. It would die of disgrace. Albert Barnes has correctly said, "Slavery could not live a single day outside of the Church, were it not for the fact that it lives in the Church."

Men at the North, then, have something to do with slavery. They have long given character and support to it by donations and associations. Let them bring forth fruits meet for repentance by using every righteous means for its removal. Let no one remain silent. Christ is in bonds in the person of his poor.

Men in the North, as well as in the South, can use another potent instrumentality—political action.

Let them repeal every enactment that in any way gives sanction or support to the system. Slavery is not a natural state of society. It lives only by statutory protection. Let this protection be taken away and it falls.

Let the Federal Government be put into the hands of tried and true friends of freedom; then Federal offices in the South will be filled with men who will aid the cause of liberty, and give facilities for the spread of truth and the administration of justice.

The prestige of government will be on the side of freedom, and the incubus of a pro-slavery administration removed from thousands, who now are silent because they see no way of hope. These thousands will then speak out the true impulses of their natures. Their voice will be like the voice of many waters, and their movements like mountain avalanches, irresistible.

This foreseen fact but increases our desire to return and preach the gospel of love to all, that the people may be saved from violence. In all instances where a gospel of love has been fully proclaimed slavery has passed away; but wherever this gospel has been rejected, it has gone out in blood.

The call, then, is not for protection for the colored man alone. That would be sufficient to enlist the zeal of all good men. But the call is that you should so act as to give protection to white men also; men who have gone there from free States to do good, and to thousands of native citizens who desire protection in the freedom of speech and the full exercise of their conscientious convictions.

If then the lovers of righteousness, North and South, shall at once do their duty ecclesiastically and politically, lost privileges will be secured to us, freedom to the slave, security to the master and prosperity to all.

John G. Fee,
J. A. R. Rogers,
John Smith,
E. T. Hayes,
Swinglehurst Life,
John G. Hanson,
A. G. W. Parker,
A. H. Toney,
J. F. Boughton,
C. E. Griffin.

Cincinnati, January 6th, 1860.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Anti-Slavery families who have so long made Boston the seat of this annual social occasion gratefully renew their invitation to all the early friends of Freedom, and cordially extend it to the multitudes of new friends in every part of the land, whom the past year has made; earnestly entreating the satisfaction of their company at

THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

On Wednesday, January 25th. Soirée at 7 o'clock.

☞ The general arrangements for the day and evening the same as last year.

We, who now unite in this heartfelt invitation, are not of Northern origin exclusively; some are of the South, and some have been slaveholders. But all, seeing clearly that the present must be a year of unwonted moral exertion, if the country is to be carried successfully through the present hopeful crisis, unite in entreating their friends to meet them in this way at its opening, for mutual understanding and coöperation, counsel and encouragement, sympathy and congratulation. Never were the signs of the peaceful extinction of slavery so full and propitious to the eyes long trained to read them aright.

We shall shortly send special invitations to both earlier and later friends; and, in the meantime, we entreat all who love their native land, and are beginning to feel deeply moved to serve and save it, to consider the necessity of steady, long-sustained, unremitting exertion, such as we carry on, and to uphold it now by presence, if possible—at all events by letters and by sympathy. The names of such as have reasons for avoiding publicity will be sacredly kept, and our grateful expressions conveyed to them by private acknowledgment.

Let none who sympathize with us be absent because our special invitation may fail to reach them; for accident and omission, however carefully guarded against, are almost unavoidable in issuing invitations on so large a scale; and the occasion is one that will, we trust, bring to our acquaintance many now unknown to us, whose coöperation will be most valuable.

We entreat any whose love of the cause induces them to hesitate about making what they account a small subscription to remember that while the largest sum is small in comparison with the grandeur of the undertaking, the smallest may be the expression of high feeling, high thinking, and self-sacrifice.

Maria Weston Chapman,
Mary May,
Louisa Loring,
Eliza Lee Follen,
L. Maria Child,
Henrietta Sargent,
Anne Warren Weston,
Mary Gray Chapman,
Helen Eliza Garrison,
Sarah Shaw Russell,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Caroline Weston,
Mary Willey,
Sarah Blake Shaw,
Susan C. Cabot,
Eliza Andrew,
Sarah Cabot Atkinson,
Lydia D. Parker,
Eliza F. Eddy,
Abby Francis,
Sarah Russell May,
Abby Kelley Foster,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Evelina A. S. Smith,
Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Augusta G. King,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Anna Shaw Greene,
Eliza Apthorp,
Anne Langdon Alger,
Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Mattie Griffith,
Sarah P. Remond,
Mary E. Stearns.

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Special notes to all our eloquent and esteemed friends have been forwarded; yet it is hoped that none who feel their hearts drawn towards this reünion, and their lips touched to utterance, will be absent because of any accidental failure of the invitation to reach them.

The Evening of

THE 25TH OF JANUARY,

at the

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

must needs be one of the brightest hours of the year 1860; for it will be animated by that keen social enjoyment that can spring only from devotion to a sublime and sacred purpose.

The hours of reception during the day are from 12 to 4 o'clock. Guests at the evening Supper-party are expected at 7 o'clock. Since speeches and music are expected from so many eminently qualified guests that each must necessarily be shorter than could be wished, all possible time will be secured for this interchange of mind and heart.

After the guests have been welcomed by the ladies on the platform, each will be found at her own tea-table, to receive the subscriptions of her friends; and thenceforward, till the speeches, songs and conversation of the supper-table are over, subscriptions will always be in order.

By the previous appointment of Presidents and gentlemen-ushers, with careful foresight in organizing every arrangement necessary to a social reünion on so much larger a scale than is common, a power of service to the cause will be ensured, equal to the social satisfaction of the occasion.

☞ No admittance fee is permitted; but the notes of invitation, *previously* countersigned by each guest with name and address, must be presented at the entrance.

☞ Vestiaries and careful attendants are secured.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 26th and 27th. The day meetings (morning and afternoon) will be held in the Meionaon, commencing at half-past 10 o'clock, a. m. The evening meetings will be held in the Tremont Temple, commencing at 7 o'clock.

All those who are believers in the "Irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery — in making no terms with the Slave Oligarchy, but meeting every issue presented by them, in the spirit of freemen, unflinchingly and uncompromisingly—in laying the axe to the root of the Upas tree of Slavery, instead of protesting against its extension while giving it constitutional nourishment and protection—and in making Massachusetts free to every fugitive from oppression the moment he breathes her air—are cordially invited to be present, and to participate in the deliberations of the meetings. In connection with the Anti-Slavery Subscription-Festival (Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th, at Music Hall), let the gathering be unprecedently large.

Among the speakers confidently expected to be present are the following:

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, T. W. Higginson, Charles L. Remond, William Wells Brown, Andrew T. Foss, Charles C. Burleigh, Rev. J. Sella Martin, Theodore Tilton, Esq., of New York, Rev. U. M. Fisk, of Taunton, and others.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

Robert F. Wallcut, *Rec. Sec.*

Redpath's Life of John Brown, though out of press, has not been received at this office.

PIETY VS. RELIGION.

Did you ever notice that the four biographers of Jesus agree in representing him as more severe in his denunciations against the Pharisees than against either the Sadducees, who were sceptical, or the publicans, who were immoral?

Again, did you ever notice what sort of offences, among the Pharisees, gave occasion to this severity of denunciation? It was their presentation, before God and man, of a profession, and certain outward manifestations, of *piety*, as a substitute for the performance of *duty*. They were, preëminently, the pious people of their age and nation. The Sabbaths, prayers, fasts, baptisms, and other ritual observances, by a punctilious devotion to which they distinguished themselves, were all commanded in their law, yet these, as well as the oppression and extortion which they practised, appear conspicuously as counts in the indictment brought by Jesus against them.

The same vice exists, and just as conspicuously, among the same class of people now. The display of piety, *as a substitute for the performance of duty*, is not only practised, but inculcated, and inculcated expressly for the purpose of opposing the most urgently-needed reforms. Let us look at the evidence of this in the "religious" newspapers.

The commencement of this year, 1860, finds the whole population of this country compelled, by the events of the last two months, to give earnest attention to the subject of slavery—a vice, to the extirpation of which the indifference of the North has hitherto been the greatest obstacle. There never has been a time, since our existence as a nation, when those who have influence with the people could so effectively incite them to *action* upon this subject as the present. Slavery is now seen, more obviously and more extensively than ever before, to be the greatest sin against God, and the greatest crime against man, existing in this country. The pious portion of the community, that is the class who esteem a *profession* of religion the most important of duties, are accustomed to look to their clergy, who are also the editors of their "religious" newspapers, for direction. If we look at these newspapers, we shall find that they are simultaneously using the piety of their readers as a means of turning them away from anti-slavery. Phylacteries have gone out of fashion, but "business-men's prayer-meetings" answer the same purpose, and are sedulously used for the same purpose, namely, to inculcate piety as a substitute for duty.

The New York *Observer*, after stating that our country is in danger, and that our people are in a fearful state of agitation, states the remedy thus: "At such a time as this we ought to turn our thoughts to God." The *Observer's* characteristic method of doing this is not by welcoming the agitation in question, directing it towards the utter overthrow of slavery, and *doing* that which God has already commanded in regard to it, namely—to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; but the agitation, not the slavery which has caused it, is the thing deprecated by the pious *Observer*, and its counsel in the case is to renew our *professions*, and importune our Creator to do our duty for us, thus: "We ought to humble ourselves before the Lord, confessing our sins, and imploring His interposition to *heal our divisions*, and *restore peace and harmony* to our councils and our country." This open *division* between the lovers of freedom and the upholders of slavery, which the *Observer* so earnestly deprecates, is the most hopeful sign of our times. When an eruption appears on the skin, the intelligent physician applies himself to the cure of the disease of which that eruption is the outward and visible sign. The *Observer* cares nothing about the disease, but is very solicitous to drive back the eruption. "Peace! Peace!" it cries, at a time when duty and interest alike call to a vigorous conflict. When men are beginning to attend to the one great public duty of their time, the *Observer* calls out—Stop, let us turn to the Lord! The substance and meaning of its counsel is that men turn away from anti-slavery. And the course of its comments upon men and things at the present time shows not only that this is its meaning, but that its purpose will be equally answered by this movement whether their turning be to the Lord or the Devil.

The Independent also, inculcating upon its readers a manifestation of piety rather than a performance of duty, gives them a leading article on "The Patriotism of Prayer"; elsewhere, it complains of the exposure of our pro-slavery Churches in English newspapers, justifies the time-serving policy pursued in this country by Rev. John Waddington of London, recommends the monthly issues of that Tract Society at Boston which expressly declares itself *not* to be "anti-slavery," and gives its full influence to maintain the credit and recruit the treasury of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, regardless of the repeated and abundant demonstrations* of its pro-slavery character.

The Congregationalist, of Boston, takes the same course. Instead of urging the half-awakened conscience of its readers to greater activity in work for the removal of that gigantic sin of which the Church is now the main bulwark, it echoes a crafty proposition, made by one who signs himself "A Member of the Am. Board," for a more extensive union in those prayer meetings which have been devised to keep up the credit, and to swell the funds, of that pro-slavery institution. And the three papers above mentioned unite in a suggestion to their readers to read the Bible *through* next year, giving an elaborate plan of the number of chapters that must be read each week-day, and the larger number that must be read every Sunday, to accomplish this piece of superstitious labor at the year's end, when they will be expected to resume it for the year following.

It requires an effort of the mind to possess itself of the full amount of folly in these recommendations, and wickedness in the persons who make them. The men and women to whom these counsels are directed have already learned the most important parts of these Scriptures in the Sunday School and the family, so that they can now repeat them. For example, they all have in memory these precepts—"Let the oppressed go free!" "Break every yoke!" But just now, when the most urgent duty of our country and age is to *do* the thing here inculcated, and when opportunity in an unprecedented manner invites to, and encourages, the performance of this duty, the clerical leaders of the people unite in a recommendation that they will apply themselves to a new *reading* of this and a great many other injunctions which they already have in memory, and to united prayer that *God* would do whatever needs to be done, including this work of breaking the yoke and letting the oppressed go free, which they already know that he has commanded *them* to do. Such is the thing which is imposed upon our church-members, upon the attendants on our prayer-meetings, and upon the converts in our "revivals," under the name of religion!

It is to be noted that the rebuke of these absurdities and hypocrisies draws upon him who utters it the same sort of vindictive calumny which Jesus experienced from the elder Pharisees. As it was said of the ancient reformer—"He hath a devil, and is mad"—so it is said of the modern one—"He is an infidel!"—or "He is insane!" And again, as in the time of Jesus, so now, the truly reformatory spirit is equally cursed, opposed and maligned by the priestly class, whether it comes fasting and praying or eating and drinking. William Lloyd Garrison taught Anti-Slavery with Non-Resistance, and the clergy cried out upon him as an infidel, and quoted against him "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." John Brown came, wielding this very weapon, and claiming, as Gideon did, that God had commissioned him to use it; he was also as punctilious in his praying, his Bible-reading, and his Sabbath-keeping, as any of his brethren in the Presbyterian Church; but since he was also active in opposition to slavery, all these meritorious circumstances were set at naught, and he also was called insane, wicked and diabolical; nay, his sword has been as much spoken against as Mr. Garrison's ploughshare. Even evangelical piety will not reconcile the clergy to anti-slavery.

John Brown's prayers had this mark of genuineness and honesty, that they were in coincidence with his life. His daily communion with God was a means of strengthening himself for that practical service of God in which he was to be occupied through the day. He went to his Master daily to ask for strength to perform the appointed work, and, having asked, he diligently used all the strength he had in doing that work. His daily reading of the Bible was followed by a daily doing of the duties he found there enjoined. His prayers, his Bible-reading, his Sabbath-keeping, his orthodox belief and his church-membership, would have been accounted, by the Churches, full evidence of a Christian character, had he been indifferent, or opposed, to the cause of the slave! As he was heartily devoted to that cause, these avail him nothing, and the Churches stigmatise him as having been either insane or wicked! And when the Abolitionists point out the irreligious character of those popular prayer-meetings (on Sundays and week-days) from which the cause of the slave is expressly excluded, or where a brief and vague mention of it is purposely made the substitute for *action* in regard to it, they are malignantly misrepresented as speaking against prayer.

If there could be reproduced for us a day's actual talk of the old Scribes and Pharisees, as they passed between the temple and the market-place—if we could have, in printed form, what would have been the contents of the Jerusalem *Observer* or the Levitical *Recorder* in the year preceding the crucifixion, if such modes of propagandism had then been invented—we should, no doubt, find very strong accusations of infidelity and impiety against Jesus and Peter, James and John. The most satisfactory proof of piety in those days (as *men* judged piety) was an ostentatious regularity in paying compliments to God. Jesus and his followers taught that the diligent doing of what God had commanded was a more acceptable service to Him than the periodical paying of these compliments; and they reduced this idea to practice in their own lives, carefully practising real religion—a voluntary obedience to what seemed to them the will of God—but sublimely indifferent to the requisitions of popular piety. This course led them to the cross, as in our day it has led John Brown to the gallows. On account of just such a course, the reformers of our time in New England are stigmatized by the Pharisees of the same time and place as infidels; but their infidelity, when analyzed, will be found to be a trust in God more than in priests, a preference of right to traditionary prescription, and a conformity of their lives to the inspired precept—"Obedience is better than sacrifice."

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* Every Abolitionist should keep in mind the following facts, wherewith to meet the unscrupulous denials of supporters of the American Board. 1. From the beginning, they have allowed slaveholders in their Cherokee and Choctaw Churches. 2. They expressly admit that they "have given no instructions to the missionaries in relation to slavery." 3. By a unanimous vote, they rejected a resolution, offered by one of their members, "that slaveholding is a practice which is not to be allowed in the Christian Church." 4. After having allowed slavery in the Choctaw mission from its very commencement, they discontinued the mission in 1859, to get rid of "embarrassments" and "perplexities." 5. They continue to support the equally slaveholding Cherokee mission, without rebuke to its slaveholding church-members or to its pro-slavery missionaries.

DR. CHEEVER'S CHURCH AND THE PRINCIPLE OF CASTE.

The Times of Saturday last contained an article from a correspondent, giving an account of an occurrence which was said to have transpired in Dr. Cheever's church the Sunday previous, and which, if correctly reported, was eminently disgraceful to the responsible members of the congregation, as tending to show that, in the face of the Doctor's strong anti-slavery teachings, colored people are therein set apart from white worshipers, in obedience to the American law of caste. The substance of the story was, that "a European gentleman, high in rank and titles, and connected with the English service," went to the church on Sunday morning, accompanied by his wife, a female servant, and a colored attendant in livery; that the European gentleman and his wife entered one pew, and the servants another immediately behind them; that a member of the congregation informed the European gentleman that colored persons were not allowed to mingle promiscuously with whites in that church, and insisted that the black man should take another seat; that the gentleman, after inquiring "if he was in Dr. Cheever's church—the Church that was soliciting British aid"—and being answered in the affirmative, asked to be informed "*by what door colored people could go out*," and immediately took his departure.

The story, though exaggerated in some particulars by the writer in *The Times*, contained, we are sorry to say, too much truth. It is said, however, that it was not so much the *complexion* of the servant as his *livery*, which, making him a very conspicuous object, led to the effort to induce him to take another seat. It is asserted, moreover, that colored men have for a long time been allowed to seat themselves in the church wherever they chose, and that, on the very day alluded to, some of this class occupied good seats in the body of the house. Dr. Cheever, at the time of this occurrence, was not in the church, and, as soon as he heard of it, expressed his disapprobation in very strong terms. On Sunday evening last, he brought the subject to the notice of the congregation, and, after an allusion to the facts, gave utterance to his views as follows:

"It is very proper to note this occurrence, and to rebuke, on such an occasion, the cruel prejudice against the colored race everywhere, and in the churches, and their exclusion, as a caste, on account of their color, even from the prayer-meetings and the sanctuaries of God. In the Fulton street prayer-meeting, I am informed, the colored and controverted subject is excluded by law, and we have had accounts of the removal of the black man from the midst of the congregation to a quiet upper room nearer heaven. If colored men are excluded from the cars and omnibuses on account of their color, the same community that maintains such an exclusion will also eject them from their lecture-rooms and churches. I have preached, and labored, and prayed, and written against this wickedness in every possible way. The prejudice against the colored race is one of the bitter fruits of slavery; it is maintained and increased by slavery. In proportion as the slaves at the South have multiplied, and the system of slavery has been strengthened, till at length it has been enthroned in the supreme tribunal of our National Government, in that degree the prejudice against the colored race has spread and deepened at the North till the rescript of our national justice, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect, is defended as an article of political and social piety.

"Now, it is well known that we, as a Church, have set ourselves against this iniquity. We oppose both the slavery and the prejudice against color that grows out of it. But in doing this, it is also well known that we have had enemies and exasperated opponents both within and without. We have had a battle to fight, with the great disadvantage of opposition among our own selves. Even yet all do not see eye to eye. The occurrence that took place last Sabbath was without the knowledge, consent or approbation of the Church. It took place before the services had commenced, and the Pastor knew nothing at all of it. In the name of Christ and of his Church, we disavow and condemn such a respect to persons, and affirm the duty of the churches and the ministry of every denomination to set themselves against the cruel prejudice that is crushing the colored race among us, and against the slavery that is the foundation of such cruelty. We affirm the duty of ministers to preach against it, and of the Church to apply against it the exterminating and excommunicating power given to her from God in the Gospel for the abolition of all such wickedness.

"The occurrence was one that might have happened in any Church where there is a division of opinion or of feeling on the subject. It is perhaps matter of congratulation that it has taken place just now in our Church, since it is sure to be widely noticed on that account, and the prejudice against color will itself be rebuked in some quarters for the sake of a reproach against us. Poor colored men are often seated in our church, and up to this time I am not aware that there has ever been any disturbance on that account. We are glad that now the folly and wickedness of this prejudice have been illustrated in the case, as the description says, 'of a European gentleman, high in rank and titles, and connected with the English service.' It being his servant who was requested to take another seat, the occurrence will excite a notice that would not have been given to the same event anywhere else, or in connection with any poor, obscure colored persons. We are glad the folly has at length come out in connection with 'respectability and standing.' The treatment of the colored race in this country is worse than it ever was in any country on the face of the earth. It is a cruelty in glaring opposition to God's word and to all the dictates of humanity. We rejoice in every opportunity of bearing our testimony in the name and for the sake of Christ against it."

The state of things in the Church of the Puritans is anomalous to an almost incredible degree. There are yet enemies in the camp, who linger there in the hope that, some how or other, Dr. Cheever may be ousted; but *they* are less troublesome than well-meaning friends, who are only half imbued as yet with anti-slavery principle, and who lack the moral discernment and the Christian firmness requisite in such a conflict as that in which the Doctor is engaged. What an illustration does all this afford of the absurdity of building Churches on a foundation of creed—of putting great moral issues in the background, and taking men into the Church merely because they are willing to stand up in the broad-aisle and avouch their belief in certain popular doctrines, which, whether true or false, are in this age no true test of Christian or moral character. No wonder that Churches built up in this way should be "full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness"—that they should be composed, not of "soldiers of the cross," clothed in the panoply of Christ and ready in his behalf to "face a frowning world," but of moral cowards, who only want the *name* of Christian as a guarantee of worldly respectability, or because they superstitiously suppose there is in it some charm to save them from hell. The greatest bulwarks of despotism the world over are such Churches, and we are constrained by our love of Christianity as well as of freedom to seek their destruction. In this age, the only Churches worthy to bear the name of Christ are those in which LIVING QUESTIONS OF HUMANITY are not subordinated to shibboleths of theological doctrine. With such a gigantic system of iniquity in the land as slavery, we cannot accept zeal for forms and doctrines and the noisy clatter of ecclesiastical machinery for the "good fruits" which Christianity demands of all who bear its name.

A MONUMENT.

The friends of freedom in Oberlin have undertaken the work of erecting a Monument, to commemorate the manly virtues of those noble Representatives of the Colored Race of the Nineteenth Century, John A. Copeland, Lewis Leary and Shields Green, who laid down their lives at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va., Oct. 17, and Dec. 16, 1859. From a circular calling for subscriptions for the object we copy the following account of the funeral of the first-named of these martyrs:

"The funeral of John A. Copeland was held in the Oberlin Church on Sunday, Dec. 29th, and, although but short notice of the meeting was given, fully three thousand persons were present to unite in congratulations, and to mingle their tears with those who wept.

"Our esteemed fellow-citizen, the Hon. James Monroe, member elect of the Ohio Senate, and a Professor in Oberlin College, had just returned from his humane mission to Virginia, and presented an interesting statement of his earnest, though unsuccessful, efforts to recover the body of our friend. (Other and earlier efforts for the same object, though intended to be efficient, had likewise proved a failure.)

"Professor H. E. Peck, of Oberlin College (one of the men who lay in Cuyahoga jail for eighty-five days, for for alleged complicity with those who rescued a fellow-being from the grasp of man-stealers), preached an eloquent funeral sermon. He marked the providence of God which had furnished for the colored race not a less firm, heroic and Christ-like champion than had the white race in the person of the immortal John Brown.

"Young Copeland was a man of incomplete education, and of few words, but brave and energetic. He was favorably known in our community; and was honored as *the second man* who entered the room, and faced a forest of revolvers, when the noted 'John' was rescued.

"How brightly do his virtues shine when the circumstances of his last days are carefully considered! Falsely published by the highest authority of Virginia as craven and trembling—fearful, doubtless, that the base slander might be believed—uncheered by the friendly assurance of admiring thousands which so greatly sustained other patriots—surrounded by those who never dreamed of nobleness in a negro, why did he not sink? Answer—God inspired him with Christian courage to nobly represent a race; and how worthily did he represent them!

"The *Baltimore Sun* says: A few moments before leaving the jail, Copeland said, 'If I am dying for freedom, I could not die for a better cause—*I had rather die than be a slave!*' A military officer in charge on the day of the execution says, 'I had a position near the gallows, and carefully observed all. I can truly say, I never witnessed more firm and unwavering fortitude, more perfect composure, or more beautiful propriety, than were manifested by young Copeland to the very last.'"

Embodied in the circular above referred to are two letters, written by Copeland to his relatives just before his execution, for which we regret our inability to find room. They are creditable to his head as well as his heart, showing him to have been a not unworthy companion of John Brown. The circular also contains the following notice of the other colored companions of Brown.

"Nor was Lewis Leary an unsuitable associate of the heroic Copeland. A Christian man—driven forth amid a shower of rifle balls from the land of his fathers, because of efforts to 'deliver him that was spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor,' he still fearlessly pursued the same godlike calling in the home of his adoption. For this purpose, *and for nothing else*, Leary and his associates went to Harper's Ferry. When forced into battle, he bravely fought, in self-defence. His eyes never quailed and his cheek never blanched till he fell, *with face to his foe*, and covered with mortal wounds. Why did he rush on death? Not that it was a weariness to him. Objects of tender love were cherished in his heart. His young wife and babe whom he has left in our midst (may God sustain and bless them) were inexpressibly dear to him. But the tender words of conjugal love and the winning smiles of helpless infancy could not change his purpose to do and dare nobly for the deliverance of his brethren.

"Shields Green was but little known to us, excepting as he has been made known to the nation and the world by his manly conduct, his patient and heroic endurance in prison, and his pious, courageous and consistent deportment as he stood on the fatal gallows. Our messenger to Virginia saw him as he lay in a garret, naked, frozen and bloody; his dead eyes open, and looking straight to heaven, as if he would say, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?'"

The circular is signed by Prof. Fitch, Prof. Monroe, J. M. Langston and nine others, who ask contributions to aid in the erection of the monument from all who are moved to give anything for that object. The congregation assembled at Copeland's funeral contributed $175.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

Utica, Jan. 16th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Our fourth Convention of the series advertised in your columns is now in progress at Mechanics Hall' in this city. The first, at Lockport, I see, has already been noticed in your columns. It was a good Convention. We were at Buffalo on Tuesday and Wednesday last, and had four excellent meetings in St. James's Hall. The press of Buffalo gave us anything but a cordial welcome. But one journal, *The Republic*, a Democratic paper, gave anything like a respectful or truthful notice of our Convention, or published the resolutions adopted therein; but, on the other hand, the *Morning Express* and other so-called Republican (!) sheets caricatured and belied our meetings as though under the immediate editorial management of the "Father of lies." But the people are better than their papers, and, in spite of the adverse influence, we had a valuable and important Convention, which, I am sure, has given a good impetus to our cause in that city.

On Thursday and Friday last we were at Auburn, and had a Convention most satisfactory in its character and results. It was a decided success in all respects. Mrs. Martha C. Wright, of Auburn (sister of Lucretia Mott), presided. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of Seneca Falls, was Secretary. I have rarely, if ever, attended a better Convention. Very thoughtful attention was given to the speaking, which was of a most earnest and radical character.

Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio, met us at Auburn, and added much to the interest of the occasion. He will attend the remainder of the Conventions. Among our auditors were the Rev. J. D. Long, Dr. Hosmer, of the *Northern Independent*, and Rev. Mr. Ives—well known as earnest anti-slavery Methodist clergymen. Gov. Seward's family also was represented.

I noticed, with much satisfaction, at Auburn, as a significant fact, the entire absence of any disrespect towards the Convention, by word, look, or paragraph, in or out of the meetings. I attribute this to the superior personal character of Senator Seward, and to his uniformly dignified and respectful bearing toward Abolitionists, while differing from them in measures. Distinguished public men influence for good or ill their respective communities. Buffalo has a Fillmore, and hence the ungenerous spirit which was manifested toward us there, but mainly by the mongrel American and Republican press.

The Convention here assembled at 2 p. m. to-day, in Mechanics' Hall. A large and intelligent audience was in attendance—much larger and more cheering in its character than when I was here two years ago with Mr. Garrison. In the death of John Brown many have been made alive. These Conventions are timely and will be most servicable to our cause in this State.

The following are the resolutions as published in the *Auburn Daily Union*.

A. M. P.

[Our correspondent's letter arrived so late that it is quite impossible to make room for the resolutions this week.]

Liberty or Death.—The following extract of a letter from Painesville, Ohio, to the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* shows that the blood of the martyr of Harper's Ferry flows in the veins of the son who inherits his name.

"The recent attempt to arrest John Brown, Jr., who resides in Ashtabula Co., by the Deputy of U. S. Marshal Johnson, has made him an object of very lively interest. So far 'Uncle Sam's' 'servants of all work' have fought shy and do not seem at all disposed to come up to the scratch and face the music prepared for them.

"Brown is said to possess the spirit and courage of his brave old father, and will unquestionably defend himself to the last extremity against all attempts to arrest him for any alleged complicity in the Harper's Ferry affray. His wife is also armed as 'the law directs,' and has had the necessary practice to make her an expert in the use of fire-arms.

"The house in which they reside is a barrack of itself, and presents a bristling array of deadly weapons, which seem to be formidable in the eyes of faint-hearted officers commissioned to execute villanous laws. The Marshal has sworn that he shall be taken; Brown has said that he will not be taken alive; and it now only remains for the Marshal 'to try it on,' to know which is right. It would seem as though the judicial murder, with indecent haste, of all those who were taken alive at the seizure of Harper's Ferry was enough, without going out all over the North to hunt up those who were only connected with them by the ties of consanguinity, to further feed their appetite for blood."

A CARD.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair gratefully acknowledge their obligation to their coadjutors in Great Britain and Ireland, for the contributions forwarded to their recent Bazaar.

It is not merely for the pecuniary value of your gifts, dear friends, that we send you our thanks; we appraise them as tokens of cordial sympathy with us in our great work; we see in each of them a testimony of a human heart against that most gigantic system of oppression, American Slavery, and by such token and testimony we are cheered and strengthened in our conflict, which, now, is hourly waxing hotter. You, from your distant posts of observation, cannot fail to see that the contending hosts of Freedom and Slavery have met, front to front, are pressing close upon each other, and that, henceforward, this battle is to be fought in the open day, on an open plain. This advantage of position is the result of long years of toil and conflict, and we account it a sure precursor of victory. It is impossible to predict the movements of either of these hosts, even in the near future; all that we can do, all that it is needful for us to do, is to be fully prepared, by courage and constancy, for any emergency. In many a trying hour in the past we have thankfully grasped your proffered hand of sympathy; and in many an hour in the future we shall turn to you with confident trust in your fidelity to that great cause which is *one* throughout the world, the cause of Human Liberty.

On behalf of the Committee,

Mary Grew, Secretary.

Philadelphia, Jan. 15, 1860.

MR. HALL'S SERMONS.

Two Sermons on Slavery and its Hero-Victim. By Nathaniel Hall, Pastor of the First Church, Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. Hall is one of the few ministers of the gospel in this country who has the honesty and the courage to apply its principles to the subject of slavery and to enforce upon his congregation the duty of remembering those that are in bonds as bound with them. The temptations to a silent or open connivance with the reigning iniquity of the land are as strong, doubtless, in his case as in that of almost any other occupant of a pulpit. His congregation, if we are not misinformed, embraces many of the class that "have their wealth" by the "crafts" whose prosperity is generally supposed to depend, to a great extent, upon a prosperous trade with the South—the class by whose potent influence many a pulpit is struck dumb; but, in the face of every temptation which a public sentiment tainted by sympathy with wrong has thrown around him, he has dared to lift up his voice in behalf of the imbruted slave.

The first of the discourses now before us, entitled "The Iniquity," is an assertion of the right and the duty of the Christian Pulpit, "standing as the visible exponent of God's truth and law," to apply the ethics of the gospel to slavery. "The *theory* of the pulpit," he tells us, "is, that it stands amidst the eddying tides and blinding mists of the mortal shores, a lighthouse, flamed by the Eternal Truth, to warn and guide the endangered voyager; to remind and keep him in sight of interests higher than earth's and more lasting than time's; that it stands a present Christ, a perpetually vocalized gospel, with its pointings to duty, with its affirmations of the higher law, with its rebukes of sin, alike private and public, no less than with its consoling assurances, its cheering hopes and heavenly promises." This theory of the functions of the pulpit Mr. Hall accepts fully and heartily, and with an earnest and impressive eloquence he sets before his congregation their duty to the slaves.

The second discourse is entitled "The Man—the Deed—the Event." The man, of course, is John Brown; the deed, his heroic effort at Harper's Ferry; the event, his death as a martyr in the cause of freedom. Having presented in their true light the motives which impelled the old man to make what seemed a desperate assault upon the citadel of slavery, he proceeds:

"*See him thus*, in this light alone, as one who, in the consciousness of a righteous cause, and in pity for an outcast and despised race, in a sublime recklessness opposed himself to a nation's prostituted power—a recklessness which had in it, it may be, a higher wisdom, a truer sanity, seen from its providential point, than we yet can know; see him thus, and how can we but honor him? If we honor those in all the ages who have dared and died for the oppressed; if we honor the martyrs for liberty on our own soil; nay, I speak it reverently, if we honor Christ, who identified himself with the poor and forsaken, and calls upon his followers to do so, in sacrificing service—how can we but honor the memory of this executed man? See the man in his motive, and tell me why. Separate the circumstances which involve not the moral character of his enterprise from those which express it, and tell me why. God save us from that inability to discriminate between the mere form, providential or mistaken, of the manifestation of a principle, and its essential being and activity; from that prejudiced and perverted vision, which shall let any of his true heroes pass unmarked by us as such, whether in public or private life, seated in power or dangling from a gallows, crowned with success or crushed by failure! For myself, I rejoice that he has raised up such a one in the person of this humble man. I rejoice that He has startled a nation, given to selfish toils and demeaning indulgences and base expediences, by the unwonted apparition of a *man*; a man heroically earnest for righteousness' sake; a man daring to follow a principle, wheresoever it may lead; to put his religion into act, and take the consequences, though one be death. Some call this fanaticism; some call it madness. Would to God there were more of it in the world, call it what they may; more vital faith in principles, in God, in a God of righteousness, a present God, a helping God; a faith that would keep men from everlastingly calculating the probable and the expedient, as if there was no Being wiser and stronger than they; as if right was not always the expedient, to abide by it the only success!"

Crowded as our columns are, we must present another extract:

"This event has shown the South, what it has seemed unable to conceive, that the opposition to slavery at the North is not the offspring of sectional hate or sentimental heat, of self-interest or passion, but of a constraining principle, of a religiously-felt obligation. John Brown represents to them and to the world, in the inciting and pervading motive of his enterprise, the true grounds of that opposition, deep and abiding as the principles of rectitude and mercy. He had nothing to gain by it of an earthly sort, if he succeeded; everything to lose, if he failed. There was no feeling of retaliation or revenge to be gratified. He was willing to sacrifice his all for those of whom he knew no more than that they were enslaved, towards whom he had no other relation than the human, whose claim on him was that alone of suffering and helplessness. The anti-slavery reform was a moral and religious one. The Abolitionists have stood, from the beginning—and it is this which has given a moral dignity and glory to their enterprise, lifting it far above all political movements—they have stood on the essential and eternal right, and based their appeals on that to the conscience and the heart. Hence their success. Hence, whatever they have gained they have gained forever. There is, there can be, no ebb to the on-sweeping tide of anti-slavery sentiment. How preposterous to think to stay it by politic deprecations, to think to bind it by constitutional compacts and judicial decisions! I tell you they shall be as stubble before its majestic swell.

"Again: the event yields new illustration of the vast superiority, in potential influence, of deeds to words. There have been torrents of speech—declamation, argument, persuasion, invective—levelled for years, in the free States, against the Slave Power. Nor has it been in vain. It was needed. It has wrought incalculable good. But here is one so terribly in earnest, so meaning what he says, that, he *must act*; that, throwing himself unreservedly upon his principles, he *does* act; and does thus, whatever he fails to do, a work for freedom—so it would seem, viewed in its higher bearings—which years of words alone had failed to do. The lesson is not that such like deeds are to be repeated, or are in themselves right. By no means. But *this*, that *deeds*, *some* deeds, such as our avowed principles authorize and demand of us, should back our words, should prove our earnestness, would be efficient instruments against the instituted iniquity of our land. This faithful servant of God put his life-swaying idea and feeling into that embodiment which seemed to and for him worthy and right and best; and has gained from it a success different from, but far beyond, all that he proposed to himself or hoped. Obedience to a conviction—self-sacrificing, *life*-sacrificing obedience—it can shake even the citadel of American slavery. *Life* sacrificing, I say. What a power there is in blood, freely given and poured forth for a righteous end! They little knew, who heard it, the profound significance, prophetically hidden, of that saying uttered in the Jewish Sanhedrim, with reference to him, the divine Emancipator, at whom it so blindly aimed—'It is expedient for us that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not.' We little know what sacred expediency may be yet shown to be involved in this recent dying; how much it may do, in the workings of a spiritual Providence, to save a nation's perishing."

Popular Sovereignty.—This vaunted doctrine of Senator Douglas, by means of which Buchanan was saved from defeat in the last Presidential election, has been put to the test in Nebraska and proved to be a miserable fraud and sham. All over the North the champions of the Democratic party professed to hold that the people of a Territory had the right to admit or exclude slavery as they pleased; but no sooner was Mr. Buchanan inaugurated than that doctrine was openly abandoned, and the principle that the people of a Territory could only exclude slavery when they should come to organize a State government set up in its place. The Administration and the character of the Union are distinctly revealed in this infamous act.

THE KENTUCKY EXILES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CABIN CREEK, Lewis County, Ky.,
Friday, Jan. 6, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You have before this learned that the slaveholders of Madison County have driven away a number of its most valuable citizens. Those who know the Rev. John G. Fee are, no doubt, surprised that even Southern men should become so infatuated as to seek his removal, and denounce him as a bad man. But Bro. Fee is not known throughout Madison County. The anti-slavery men know him; so do the Richmond merchants and hotel-keepers. A very few of the slaveholders are acquainted with him, and a larger number of non-slaveholders; but Madison County has a population of 15,000, of whom every tenth white man cannot read. Berea is at the south-western end of the county, three miles from the line, so that the great bulk of the population is not in its vicinity. Probably all in the county have heard of Bro. Fee, but their estimate of his character and purposes is formed from such libellous attacks as the following from the *Kentucky Messenger* of Richmond, the county seat of Madison:

> JOHN G. FEE.
>
> This man has been at Brooklyn, New York, and addressing the people, in the church of Beecher, on the subject of slavery in the South generally, and in Kentucky in particular. Our neighbor of *The Democrat*, in his last issue, devotes a good deal of space to him—far more than such a creature merits. The only thing that induces us to notice him is the fact that he lives in the county, and is surrounded by a gang of his followers, at a little village called Berea, some sixteen miles south of this town. That he is a fanatic we have no doubt; that he is a bad man, we doubt still less. He is only another exemplification of a class of men whom Pollock, in his Course of Time, describes as "wearing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." As to his *opinions* and those of his followers, they amount to nothing; but if ever he is found interfering with the slaves of his neighbors, teaching them disobedience or, by any overt act, stimulating them to revolt, we hope he will, on a proper case made out, be brought to trial, and we do not doubt that a Madison jury will send him to the penitentiary.
>
> The *Louisville Courier*, containing an epitome of his remarks at Brooklyn, has been very mysteriously taken from our office, and we therefore cannot publish them; but they are *inflammatory and incendiary* in character, and the people of the county owe it to themselves to hold a meeting, at least by the next County Court day, to consider whether or not the carrying out of the principles of Fee requires THAT THEY SHALL BE MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD! Old Hickory said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we quote, and say now, without more ado: "A hint to the wise," &c.

I am confident that the editor of *The Messenger* is not acquainted with the godly man whom he slanders thus. Surely, he could not have the hardihood, if he knew Bro. Fee, to throw out against him such mischievous insinuations. The other county paper appears to have been not far behind in this billingsgate race. No wonder, then, that a large number of people were led to consider Berea and its inhabitants a nuisance which must be abated.

Accordingly, on Friday, Dec. 23, sixty-two men, on horseback, came out to Berea, and ordered a portion of its population to leave the State, and be out of the county within ten days from that time.

Among the banished were an old gentleman, 72 years of age, and his wife, but little younger and more infirm. He had formerly been, for a number of years, among the Indians as a missionary, but it remained for a portion of the "respectable and discreet" citizens of Madison County to perpetrate an outrage from which the unwise and imprudent savages shrank. This old gentleman, moved by love to his fellow-creatures, had paid a thousand dollars cash for a barren tract of land, hoping to make it productive, and show his neighbors the advantages of science in farming. But he was opposed to slavery, and, as one of the lawless band remarked, with more truth than he supposed, "slavery and abolition cannot live together."

Are we disheartened? By no means. Rev. J. C. Richardson is operating in Whitley County; Revs. Geo. Candee and Wm. Kendrick in Jackson. Some are, probably, in Bracken County, and I am here. We must go forward. If the Legislature passes an act making it felony to preach the gospel in Kentucky, we may be led to places more open to the truth; but while we may with clear consciences abide under the present laws, protected, in word at least, by the Constitution, our duty seems plain to "stand."

Let your Christian readers pray for us, that it may be true of us,

"When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill our neighbors round with dread,
Our hearts are armed against a fear,
For GOD, with all his power, is here!"

J. S. D.

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, in a letter dated Cincinnati, Jan. 12th, says:

"We have been having quite a time here with the Kentucky Exiles. The Rev. Mr. Boughton and the Rev. John G. Fee have both preached in my pulpit—one last Sunday, the other Sunday before last. Fee is a very strong man. Just to think of it! A Kentuckian comes over here to Lane Seminary and places himself in the coils of the Church. He goes out one day from a warm dispute, in which he has taken the pro-slavery side; falls on his knees to pray away the perturbations of anger. His face, his eyes, turn toward Kentucky, and, by God's grace, at that moment he sees thousands of immortal souls over there, where he had just now seen chattels! Saul rises up Paul. He goes over to Kentucky; preaches out-and-out abolitionism throughout the State; plants ten Churches dedicated to freedom; sends over to Ohio for ministers as his circuit gets too wide for him, and, because of the Spirit that clothes him with power, no man durst lay hands on him. This indefatigable Kentucky Garrison is now in that State, at Bracken, his native place. He left when the mob bade him, only because he felt that his work there was not done. He feels that he shall return to build up other Churches and strengthen those that already stand."

A friend in Cincinnati writes: "That flaying you gave a minister of this city last year, under the heading 'A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing,' has been justified lately. He refused his church to the Kentucky Exiles for any purpose whatever, I understand. They were not invited into his pulpit, though several of them were of his own denomination, and he forbade that a meeting of sympathy should be held in his church."

The minister here alluded to is the Rev. C. B. Boynton, who, while making flaming professions of Abolitionism, denounced the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society as infidels, with whom his sanctified soul could not fraternize, even to break the chains of the slave! He has now abandoned the cause entirely, become an apologist for the pro-slavery Church, if not for slavery itself, and set himself up as the "sensation preacher" of Cincinnati.

ANOTHER BOOK IN PRESS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WE have just noticed in your valuable journal a recommendation, by an Albany correspondent, that a book be compiled of the letters of Mrs. Child, Victor Hugo, &c. We have such a volume in press, which will contain all the best speeches, sermons, lectures, poems, letters and essays that have appeared or been spoken since the conquest of Virginia.

Yours truly, THAYER & ELDRIDGE.
Boston, January 12, 1860.

O, FOR ROOM!—Never before, during the whole time (now more than twenty-five years) that we have been connected with the Anti-Slavery Press, were we so much embarrassed as we are now by the narrowness of the space at our command in comparison with the great amount of matter that we desire to publish. If our sheet were four times as large as it is, and issued thrice a week, or even daily, there would be no lack of interesting and valuable matter wherewith to fill its columns. It is a very perplexing duty to decide, from week to week, with the immense and constantly augmenting pile of material on our table, what to publish and what to omit; and we never put the paper to press without a painful sense of the impossibility of doing any sort of justice to the topics that require attention at our hands. The character of our fourth page has been somewhat changed of late, because it was impracticable otherwise to make room for certain articles which, for various reasons, it seemed important to publish. It is due to our readers to say that this change is temporary, not permanent.

The embarrassment of which we have spoken is not without its consolation, since it is an irrefragible evidence of the growth of the cause, whose tides at length overflow every channel and submerge the whole country in a boiling sea of agitation. With such fruits of their labors all around them, and such foreshadowings of the grandest victory over Despotism that the world has ever witnessed, how can Abolitionists be otherwise than hopeful, courageous, jubilant?

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent felicitateth the Editor seasonably—He moraliseth wisely—But passeth to Governor Banks's Message—His views of the Governor's theory as to the Genesis of Abolitionism—He giveth him a crumb of approbation—He rejoiceth over the demise of the old Legislature—And telleth of Mr. Hale's defeat as Speaker, and of the causes thereof—Also of the Governor's Constitutional discovery—His hopes from the new brooms—He telleth of Mother Boston's death, and maketh moral and political reflections thereupon—Also on the weather, and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Jan. 10th,* 1860.

Is it too late to wish you a Happy New Year? I suppose not; so consider yourself felicitated accordingly. Whether the year will be happy when it is old, is more than human wit can say beforehand. Years no more than men can be called happy until they are in their grave. It will be a busy year, and one full of history—of that we can have no reasonable doubt—and we will hope that it will be happy also in the quality of the history it will make. But there is time enough to talk about that as it goes along. We use to wish well to the infant in the cradle, and gild the prospect of the life that lies before him with hope, and think as little as may be of the possible calamities and certain sorrows that must cast a cloud upon it. One thing is very certain, there will be plenty of work and of matter for anti-slavery newspapers—unless they contrive some manner of Censorship and shut us all up before that time—during the year that has just begun its life. But, then, there has never been any lack in that kind since there was an Anti-Slavery Cause, and there never will be again as long as it lasts, which must be as long as slavery does. Only this will be a year which will feel the impulse given to the general mind of the country by the panic-terror which John Brown's blow at slavery struck into the whole South, and which will witness the fierce struggles it will make for life and continued supremacy.

Governor Banks has administered his Annual Message to the General Court, since I wrote last. There is much in it that is good, and more that is suggestive. I am sorry to say that I cannot lay my hand at this moment upon a copy from which to quote—and you know me well enough to be sure that I have left myself no time to look one up—so that I must rely on my recollection as to its substance. His Excellency recognizes the formidable aspect which the slavery question gives to our public affairs. He thinks, however, that this condition of things "growed," as Topsy did, and was never born. He evidently differs from the Southern doctors in this science, who hold that it has all come of the persistent agitation of the matter by the Abolitionists. They think that Garrison is the father of this monster that threatens to devour us all, and that the Abolitionists have been its nurses and schoolmasters, until it has grown up to its present formidable dimensions. The Governor plainly regards it as Autochthonal, springing out of the ground, produced by no human agency, but living of its own inherent vitality. His cosmogony is evidently Oriental. The earth rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant stands on the back of a tortoise, but the tortoise stands on the back of nothing at all. There is no *causa causans* in the whole business. But the cauldron having been set a-boiling without anybody to gather the sticks and make the fire, His Excellency seems to have a vision of the mischiefs that are likely to be conjured out of it. He intimates pretty distinctly his belief in a conspiracy against Free Speech and a Free Press, and for the purpose of making offences committed in a Free State triable in a Slave State, among other things, and he speaks in a tone of manly warning and rebuke touching the same. You will understand that these are the inferences which the reading of his speech several days ago left in my mind, and which I think are correct ones. They are true, at any rate.

We did not get rid of our old Legislature till the latest possible moment that they could live. They clung to their political life with the desperation of men who felt that they did not deserve and probably would not get another chance at it. The first thing the new House of Representatives did was to throw overboard the Speaker of the old one, Mr. Charles Hale. This young gentleman had rather outgrown his strength and was put into a post he was hardly strong enough to fill. He had succeeded in discommending himself to the favor of the House over which his lot was cast last year in various ways, and, what was worse for him, he had succeeded in winning the cordial dislike of his party out of doors. So that, when the Republican caucus met to decide who should rule over them for the coming year, Mr. Hale had but fifteen votes at the highest, and only five when the formal ballot was taken. I trust this may be taken as a sign that the present House is better than the one into whose shoes it steps. I believe that Governor Banks's lucky discovery that the permission of black men to train with the Sims Brigade was unconstitutional was made since I wrote last. The last Legislature, as almost the one redeeming virtue of its disreputable life, struck the word "white" out of the Militia law; so that if colored folks chose to make as big fools of themselves as their white brethren, by marching about the streets with cock's-tails on their heads and ginger-bread streaks on their clothes, they might do so without lawful impediment. I believe there has never been any objection to their joining in when there was any real fighting going on. The Governor, however, discovered that this was unconstitutional, and, being backed up by the Attorney-General and the Supreme Judges, returned the whole Revised Code with his Veto, because of this fly in the ointment. This he had to do, as the whole Revision was presented to him for approval as one act, and he had to put the knife to the throat of the whole flock in order to destroy this black sheep. The Legislature, however, made haste to make its whole life consistent with itself, and scratched out the offending clause with all possible haste. So that the Union will not slide on those ways, at any rate, for the present. I have been told that there is reason to believe that the present General Court may replace the law on the footing of equal rights, where it stood when the Governor upset it, and this by a sufficient majority to overbear his veto and to establish the right of the Legislature to decide for itself as to what is or is not constitutional. I see no reason why the Constitution should be a nose of wax for the South, and harden into one of brass, as stiff as the one Mr. Webster perks in the face of Heaven in our front yard, as soon as it turns towards the North. If they will but do that good work over again and rid the yard of that bad work that deforms it, we will compound for almost anything else they may incline to do.

I suppose you have noticed the death in this city of its oldest inhabitant, and probably the oldest in the State, and perhaps in New England, Mrs. Catherine Boston, who was known among the colored people as Mother Boston, and who had attained the age of a hundred and eleven years. I suppose she was the last survivor of the slaves of Massachusetts, having lived eighty years after slavery was abolished by our Bill of Rights. She was born in Reading, ten miles off, and I dare say had never been further than that from her birth-place in her long life. She was a year older than Charles Fox, two or three years older than Sheridan, Erskine and Eldon, eleven years older than the younger Pitt, and twenty-one years older than Bonaparte and Wellington. She was grown up when our Revolution began, and was in middle life before the French Revolution was born. It was a century full of history that had rolled over her head as she trod the narrow round of her humble life. When she was born and until she was a well-grown girl, the Glorious Union of the Colonies to the Morther Country was exalted above all that is called God, just as our slave-catching one is now—and for precisely the same reason, because it was thought a profitable business arrangement. There was, indeed, an element of personal loyalty to the King, which was real, and which can only be pretended towards a quantity of sheepskin fairly engrossed and signed; but the motive power that set the Revolution going and kept it up to the end was the feeling that the old arrangement had lasted long enough, and that the junior partners could do better by themselves. And the child now born, which shall live a century from this time, will see political changes quite as great as Mother Boston did, and much more beneficent; at least, it will be our own fault if they are not, inasmuch as we have the benefit of all the experiments, whether successes or failures, of our ancestors. Their trials were made in the dark, whereas we have the light of their experience to guide our steps.

But this is rather too much like preaching for my epistolary gossip. But if there is no gossip, how can one tell it. We can't hold a Union meeting every week, just to give me something to say to you. You ought not to expect it. The news most immediately interesting is that the January thaw is in full *melt*, and the skating and sleighing have vanished away into thin air and water. Of course, it is as "dull as a great thaw" always is, if Shakspeare is to be believed. But we take heart of grace, remembering that winter is not yet half over, and that we may reckon on ice and snow good store, yet to come. I suppose our ice-harvest was included in the post-diluvial promise that seed-time and harvest should not cease from off the earth, for I believe it has never failed us, though it has threatened pretty hard now and then. That of this year, however, is already housed, I am told, so that you need not be uneasy in view of the next summer.

D. Y.

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* This letter was detained by a fog on the Sound, and therefore did not arrive in time for last week's issue.—*Editor*.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16th, 1860.

The Liberator, always full of good reading, is more than usually replete in its last number. It contains one of the editor's old-fashioned leaders, which, besides its own excellence, is especially pleasant as indicating that Mr. Garrison is recovering his former health. We trust he will soon be well enough to give us his wonted weekly quota of original matter. For, admirable as "C. K. W." is—and no man living could better take Mr. Garrison's place—it is always a satisfaction, on opening the pioneer sheet, to see the leading column without a signature, and be assured from that fact that the editor has been on his tripod. And when we can have, as in the last issue, the editor and "C. K. W." both, we are doubly pleased.

The subject of Mr. Garrison's leader is Whittier's poem on John Brown—a production marked by many beauties and inculcating lessons worthy of all acceptation, but at the same time implying a degree of censure hardly called for by the subject, and certainly not expected by the readers and admirers of the bugle-sounding poet. From Adin Ballou we naturally look for a protest against recourse to force in any contingency, but Mr. Whittier, though a Quaker, has never been a "Non-Resistant," but, on the contrary, has been understood to oppose the extreme doctrine held by people of that persuasion. It was a matter of surprise, therefore, to his friends—and we are all of that class—to hear him speak in terms of such faint praise, and of such "harsh" implication, of the brave old Osawatomie.

The same number of *The Liberator* contains an Oberlin article, signed by J. M. Fitch, and giving an interesting account of the funeral, at that place, of the late John Copeland. The testimony, as quoted in the article, from Mr. Munroe and Professor Peck to the character of Copeland and of his associate, Shields Green, and also of Lewis Leary, "who fell with his face to the foe," is very refreshing, and will be read, wherever it goes, with great satisfaction. The letters of Copeland, two of which are given, are in every way creditable productions, and proofs that the writer is not unworthy the monument which his friends propose to erect to his memory.

There are many striking features in the leaf of history which John Brown has turned over, but none more so than the singular dignity of deportment that has characterized the last hours of all that extraordinary man's followers. Cooke, from whom least was expected, at the last took the lead of the rest in the heroism of his bearing. He has left on record, as among his last words, a prophecy which will, in all probability, be fulfilled. "Slavery," said he, "is a sin. I believe it will be abolished in Virginia within ten years, and that by the people of Virginia themselves." Others believe the same thing, and they believe it the more because John Cooke's saying so will be a help in bringing it about. Coppock, too, was a gentle-hearted and noble fellow, and the people of Salem (Ohio) have done themselves credit by the appreciation they have shown of the worth of his character and the value of his services.

And now comes this testimony from Oberlin and from the men that knew them best, to the uprightness, consistency and religious devotedness of Copeland, Green and Lewis Leary. Certainly, a more extraordinary group of men was never banded together for any purpose.

The only one of the party captured at Harper's Ferry who remains to be "disposed of" is A. D. Stevens. Pains have been taken by some to represent Stevens, in comparison with the rest, as a very bad man; but on what evidence it does not appear. From the fact that he enjoyed the especial confidence of his leader, and from the published report of his sayings and demeanor, one would naturally come to a contrary conclusion. I have a letter before me, lately received from him, the whole tenor of which is at variance with the representation that his character is a bad one. It is addressed to Miss F. E. Watkins, is dated Jan. 31, and thus commences:

"Dear Sister: I received your most kind and generous letter of the 28th ultimo on yesterday, and I will write you a few lines in return to thank you for your generosity, and for those beautiful verses, which go to the inmost parts of my soul. I am very happy and contented—patiently waiting my destiny. I feel that guardian spirits are watching over me, ready to receive my soul when born into the spirit-world. And there, my dear sister, I expect to meet you, ere many years. What joy it will give me to meet with those kind spirits who have loved and lived for all."

Now, while I own that frames of mind afford no certain proof of character, I submit that it is not usual for bad men to exhibit the feelings or evince the spirit here manifested.

Stevens is to be tried not in Staunton, by the United States Court, as was hoped, but in Charlestown, by Virginia. The people of that State have shown too much blood-thirstiness to warrant any confident expectation of the prisoner's acquittal.

I must say a word, before my space is exhausted, of a second Union meeting that has been held in this city. It was got up in the shape of a dinner, and the presence in the city of Mr. Baylie Peyton, now of Texas, formerly of Tennessee, was made the pretext. The getters-up were chiefly Old Line Whigs and anti-Seward members of the People's party. The speakers were, with a few exceptions, Southern men and Know-Nothings. Mayor Henry presided, but, on account of illness, yielded the chair, at an early stage of the proceedings, to Morton McMichael, editor of the *North American*. Mr. McMichael introduced the speakers in a well-turned address, and was followed successively by Col. Peyton, Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky, Mr. Gilmer of North Carolina, Mr. Conrad of Louisiana, Mr. Campbell of Pennsylvania, Mr. Nelson of Tennessee, and Mr. Maynard of the same State. The whole thing was very much of a hotch-potch; and whatever may have been intended by it, not much was accomplished. All the speakers except the last mentioned expressed unqualified devotion to the Union. Mr. Peyton and Mr. Crittenden were severe on the Democratic party, but did not like the Republican. They wanted a new party—on middle ground—a party of the Union. They wanted a "national" candidate for the Presidency; a man who should be named by the people without the intervention of a Convention, or the embarrassment of a platform. Messrs. Gilmer, Nelson and Conrad expressed or implied similar sentiments. Mr. Campbell thought there was no need of a new party; the people had a party in the field, and what was wanted was protection to Northern industry. Up to this point the meeting was quite harmonious, and, with the aid of a liberal flow of the "generous," there began to dawn a pleasant little "era of good feeling." But Mr. Maynard, who, like all the rest, had an axe of his own to sharpen, reversed the movement of the grindstone. Not content, with the others, in heading off Seward and the straight Republicans indirectly, he undertook it by open denunciation; declaring that if a certain candidate should be chosen by the Chicago Convention, and should be elected—as would have to be the case—by the Northern States, that that would be the end of the Federal Government. This was a little more than the Republicans could bear, and Mr. Maynard was hissed. But he was also loudly applauded. He went on elaborating his ideas of the fatal effect on the Union of the election of a Republican President, and took his seat amid a mingled storm of hisses and applause, the latter seeming to be in the ascendant.

Mr. McMichael rose, much excited, and said that while he agreed with all that had been said by Col. Peyton and Mr. Crittenden, and most of what had been uttered by the other speakers, he must enter his protest against the sentiment that had been prominently set forth by the gentleman who had just taken his seat. He too should regret the election of the individual alluded to to the Presidency; but he was far from thinking that that event would involve any such dire consequences as the gentleman had foreshadowed.

This speech, like that of Mr. Maynard, was received with mingled hisses and plaudits, and it was some time before order could be restored; and when it came, it came without harmony. Much excitement still prevailed, and the party adjourned in confusion.

Thus ended the great "Union" dinner. It finished in a disunion speech. The "era of good feeling" which it was designed to inaugurate lasted thirty minutes by the watch, and the elements of discord resumed their action with increased force.

What the ultimate effect of the meeting is to be, no one can tell. Its alleged objects were as various as the characters of the men who got it up and spoke at it. It was to promote Mr. Carey's ideas of protection, Mr. Bell's of the Presidency, Mr. Crittenden's ditto, the consolidation of the People's party, the formation of a new party, to preserve the trade of Philadelphia, to favor the election of Sherman to the Speakership, to ensure the selection for that office of a more national man, to quiet agitation, to take the "almighty nig" (as Mr. Peyton elegantly expressed it) out of the arena of discussion, and, finally and especially, *to head off Seward for the Presidency.* This last point was the only one, perhaps, in which there was general agreement. Whether Mr. Seward's chances are much damaged by the combined effort remains to be seen. That sort of opposition doesn't seem to have impaired much the popularity of Helper's book, and it would be somewhat strange if it were to have a different effect on the regard which is cherished for Mr. Seward.

I sent you a copy of C. J. Ingersoll's late letter, which I trust you will publish. He being one of the burning and shining lights of his party, and the letter having been commended by the official organ in this city, it will give the inquirer a lively idea of our modern Democracy.

M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1860.

WE have had still more disunion from the Southern leaders the past week, and in better style and spirit than earlier in the session. Gartrell of Georgia made one of the *threatening* order of speeches. He was for disunion, peaceable or bloody, as the case might be, if the North didn't behave herself—if she didn't stop making John Browns—if she didn't turn with more zeal to slave-catching—if she persisted in sending Helper's books into the slave States and doing other wicked things! In short, his whole speech was *a threat*, intended doubtless for political effect, though I believe Mr. Gartrell is sincerely for a dissolution of the ties which bind the slave and free States together. He is a man of some ability, and made what most Southerners would call an able speech. But it will not compare for a moment with the speech subsequently delivered by Mr. Pugh of Alabama, who is the most sincere and able of all the disunionists in the House. So decided is he in his secession opinions that he never gave his vote to Mr. Bocock, the candidate of the Democrats. Indeed, he is not a Democrat—was not elected by Democrats, but by secessionists. His speech was written in a chaste and elequent style, free from that sickening exaggeration so characteristic in Southern orations, and it was very finely delivered. Mr. Pugh argues for disunion upon general principles. Not because Burdick puplished the Helper book—not because John Brown took Harper's Ferry—nor because Mr. Seward is an anti-slavery man—but because, in his opinion, Slavery and Freedom are incompatible, and it is impossible for a single National Legislature to legislate properly for these opposing principles and systems.

His argument was a strong one, and, if his premises were correct, unanswerable. His speech seemed to make a deep impression upon the House, and the Northern Democrats were especially uneasy during its delivery. Like Charles O'Conor's speech at the New York Union meeting, it is worse than an anti-slavery speech. O'Conor says if slavery be not right, the anti-slavery men are not wrong. Pugh takes essentially the same ground. Slavery and Free Labor cannot, he says in effect, coëxist under the same government. If this be so, the Democrats from the free States see at once that it is about time for the legislation of the country to be directed against slavery, for even these doughface Democrats are not ready to accept the universal dominion of slavery. If they must choose between Slavery and Freedom, even they will take the latter.

The past week has been an excited one in the House. On one occasion the members were very near to a violent, hand-to-hand conflict, not with words, but pistols and bowie-knives. At least so it seemed to an outsider. There is a very strong feeling against Horace F. Clark of your city for his course. He seems to have been "circus-riding," as his colleague Haskin charged upon him. To the Democrats he has talked in such a manner as to make them confident of receiving his vote by and bye. To the Republicans he has talked in the same way, making some of them sure of his vote at last for Sherman, in an emergency. The doubt has not yet been dispelled, and no one knows how Mr. Clark will act, if he acts at all. It is, however, pretty safe to count any man who thus far has been able to please both parties in the House as a Democrat.

The present prospects of an organization of the House are dim, and the *per se* disunionists are much elated, and express the opinion that we shall never again see an organized Congress. In time, however, the pressure will be so great that an organization will *somehow* be effected—but *how* it is impossible at this time to foresee.

Mr. Douglas has been participating in another debate in the Senate respecting his Territorial doctrines. The hounds from the South attacked him so fiercely that he could not keep silence, and, once mixed up in the debate, it was impossible to extricate himself till he had said all that he could on that point to offend the slave-drivers. Let Mr. Douglas have the credit of a little pluck now-a-days. I heard his replies to the insolent remarks of Jeff. Davis and Clay of Alabama, and I must confess that there is more than one Republican in Congress who has not a tithe of his spirit. It is possible that he perceives clearly that the game for the Presidency is up, and that he feels free to give his Southern brethren a little wholesome sauce. Or, on the other hand, perhaps he reads the signs of the times aright—that the Northern people, even the Democrats, will abandon him if he shows the white feather now.

However this may be, no one can deny that Mr. Douglas has pluck, and a disposition not to be trampled under foot by the slaveholding aristocracy of the South. He is quite willing to use the Southern Democracy, but he will not *be used* by them. So long as his ambitious projects can be realized by the support of the plantation Democracy, he has no complaint to make; but he is not enough of a doughface to be eaten up, and used after death, by the slaveholders. The moment Southern men cut him or refuse to advance him in office, that moment Stephen A. Douglas will cease to be an ally of the South.

The question is often asked here by sensible men, "Is the Union *really* in danger?" Or is this excitement merely the usual accompaniment of a Presidential canvass? From all that I have seen and heard during the last two months I am convinced that unquestionably the Union *is* in danger. Doubtless a great deal of the noise in Congress is for political effect, but there are a good many members from the Southern States who are not carried away with excitement, but who coolly and calmly announce their opinion that the Union cannot much longer stand. They claim that it is for the interest of the two sections to be separated—that Slavery and Freedom cannot exist under the same central government. It would not mend the matter with these gentlemen if the free States were strictly to observe the slave-catching law. The John Brown affair has no effect upon them. They assert that they would just as soon see Seward President as Douglas, for they demand *special legislation for slavery* by Congress, and Douglas is as fully committed against this as Seward.

That the Southern people are rapidly accustoming themselves to the idea that slavery is worthy of the entire attention of the National Legislature—that there is no other interest to compare with it—and that they are ready to set up for themselves unless the North will allow a pitiful minority to rule, is very evident to me. Say this is the merest madness—so it is, but the South this day is full of madness. That under disunion the Southern States would eventually go to ruin—both masters and slaves—I little doubt, but unfortunately the opinions of Northern men have no weight in the South. The slavery propagandists are crazy, and imagine if they could once set up for themselves, they could make negro slavery an institution which would dazzle the world with its glorious effulgence. For my part, I have no doubt that the South is full of sincere disunionists, men who laugh to scorn the Union meetings of the Northern manufacturers, tradesmen and merchants; and as their demands are such that not even Northern doughfaces can satisfy them, I see no reason why these men will not eventually triumph in the South, unless the conservative men, of whom we have a few in Congress, very suddenly increase their influence and power.

AVON.

GERRIT SMITH, says *The Tribune*, though weak, is perfectly sane; talks freely on all the great events which have transpired; sleeps well, and has a good appetite; rides and walks every day, but avoids reading and writing, and does not receive company at present, because his strength is not equal to it. He is, however, round the village, as usual, ministering to the wants of the sick and poor. His temporary alienation of mind, his physicans declare to have been caused solely by physical disease, in which acute dyspepsia was most apparent, and his complete restoration to full vigor of mind and body is considered a certainty.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

A SERIES of Anti-Slavery Conventions will be held as follows:

Poughkeepsie	Monday and Tuesday,	Jan. 23, 24
Hudson	Wednesday,	" 25
Troy	Friday,	" 27
Easton	Saturday and Sunday,	" 28, 29

Addresses by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Sessions afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

The platform will be free to all candid discussion of the question.

Let there be a grand mustering of the hosts of Freedom, to provide, by the enactment of a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, for protecting our State from the prowling kidnapper; and to remove the whole SLAVE SYSTEM, before God shall arise in His anger, and swell the HARPER'S FERRY scenes into a RED SEA deluge for the destruction of our worse than EGYPTIAN OPPRESSORS.

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, at ALBANY, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, M. R. ROBINSON, LEONARD GIBBS, AARON M. POWELL, MRS. J. ELIZABETH JONES, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Convention to commence at 2 1-2 o'clock Tuesday, p. m.

Let every County in the State be represented. This surely, is the hour for the friends of Freedom to rally at the Capital, that our law-makers may feel the united voice of the Empire State for a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, ALBANY, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3d and 4th.

Addresses will be delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE, J. ELIZABETH JONES MRS. TRACY CUTLER, and others.

First session to commence at 2 1-2 Friday p. m.

PERSONAL.

James Russell Lowell has been engaged as a Special Contributor to *The Independent*.

Joshua R. Giddings is probably now in this State, fulfilling appointments to lecture.

The Rev. Thomas Starr King is going to California to spend a year, for the purpose of recruiting his health.

Morton S. Wilkinson, lately elected to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature of Iowa, was born in Skaneateles, N. Y. He is a Republican.

Buckle, the author of the History of Civilization in England, has been sued for publishing a blasphemous or anti-religious libel. His reference to Christianity in that work has been so construed. It is not creditable to Great Britain that her laws should offer a pretext for such a prosecution.

The *Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel* of a recent date says: "On Monday, we had the pleasure of taking by the hand Mr. Frederick Brown, the only brother, now living, of the martyr John Brown. Mr. B. was accompanied by C. C. Hudson, Esq., and it is their intention to address the citizens of this county on matters and things which have transpired of late, and which make the name of Brown a password to every man's heart."

The Claremont (N. H.) *Advocate* of a recent date says: "On Thursday evening our lecture-going people had the pleasure, for the first time, of listening to a 'woman lecturer,' Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, an intelligent and earnest lady, who occupied the hour in discussing the relative position of the sexes in regard to educational advantages, and other matters pertaining to the existing order of things connected with the preparation of both for the great purposes of life. The intelligent audience, in which the ladies largely preponderated (much to their credit), listened to her with the closest attention, and, to all appearance, were as much gratified, to say the least, as with any lecture of the course."

Dr. John Doy, of Kansas, who, as our readers will remember, was kidnapped by a band of Missouri ruffians, and, after an imprisonment of six months, delivered from the jail at St. Joseph by a band of resolute men, full of the spirit of John Brown, is now in this city, preparing to publish a narrative of his experiences while in the hands of his ruffian captors and during the struggle to prevent the establishment of slavery in Kansas. He appears to be an honest as well as a brave man—to be imbued, in short, with the principles and the spirit of John Brown, of whom he was a chosen and intimate friend. His book, we are assured by those who are acquainted with its contents, will be one of thrilling interest.

Summary.

A negro preacher has been fined $50 in Detroit, Michigan, and, in default of bail, is to be imprisoned 90 days, the penalty awarded by law for negro preaching in that State. The *Free Press* says the authorities are determined to prosecute every violation of this law.

ABOUT TWO WISE MEN.

"There's a "Governor Wise" and an "æronaut Wise,"
But to say "which is which" might now puzzle the coons;
Since, with *gas* much inflated, they both seek to *rise*,
And they both have already gone up in balloons."

Will the Union-Savers be pleased to look and see how the organ of South Carolina nullification treats them and their efforts:

"But, let the jugglery go—it will amuse somebody, we suppose. 'Jack, stand one side, and let the monkey sneeze. It is a funny beast.'"—*Charleston Mercury.*

A young German, now in Washington from Iowa, is engaged in writing an Anti-Helper book on Slavery, being a history of slavery in the British West India Islands. He promises showing that the efforts of English Abolitionists ruined those Islands. He will give extracts from their writings and speeches to show how near they harmonize with the sentiments now uttered by Garrison, Phillips and others of their school.

UNDERGROUND R. R.—Six fugitives from bondage have been passed through this city on the Underground Railroad this week. One of them was direct from Harper's Ferry. He says that he saw old John Brown before and after he was taken, and the slaves all believe that Brown was their true friend. The fugitives were all attended to by the agent in this city, and they report seven more coming after them by the same conveyance.—*Syracuse Standard.*

The following good story is told at Washington of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania: At the time when several of the Anti-Lecompton men voted for Mr. Gilmer of North Carolina, one of the prominent Southern Democrats approached Mr. Stevens, saying he was very much astonished that these men should vote for Mr. Gilmer, who owned nearly a "hundred head of niggers." "Does he?" said Mr. S.; "then I think I shall vote for him myself, for it is your little one-headed nigger men who make all the trouble."

A SLAVE WOMAN, on the 9th inst., attempted to elude the vigilance of the toll-gatherer at Covington, Ky., and to get a passage to Cincinnati. She disguised the blackness of her face by covering it with flour, and then put on a veil. But the plan was unsuccessful, the poor woman being caught and taken back to endure the horrors of slavery—perhaps to be sold to a trader.

A PRACTICAL ABOLITIONIST.—At a meeting of Abolitionists in Philadelphia lately, Thomas Garrett of Wilmington, Del., said that for fifteen years he had been a sort of pilot to put the negro in the direction of liberty. In response to a question, he stated that in all he had rescued *twenty-two hundred and forty-five* slaves from bondage. He made it a point always to tell about this work when he was asked.

NON-INTERCOURSE.—A Virginia lady, writing to a gentleman in this city, the other day, stated she had resolved to cut off all intercourse with the Abolition North, and, rather than patronize Northern trade, she, with other ladies in that section, had resolved hereafter to dress in home-made linsey-woolsey. Two days subsequently, the same gentleman received a letter from the same lady, inclosing a sample of silk, and requesting that a dress-pattern of the goods might be purchased and forwarded to her address in the Old Dominion.

DECLARED FREE.—Agnes Robinson, the colored woman who was arrested in this city last June, and taken to Washington County, Maryland, where she was claimed as a slave, has been declared, after a jury trial in that county, to be a free woman, under a deed of manumission from John Witmer, Sen., dated in 1847. From the history of the case, which we gave last summer, there can be no doubt that the woman was entitled to her freedom, and it is creditable to the justice of Maryland that she has obtained it.—*Washington Republic.*

SEWING MACHINES.—They have become one of the domestic institutions of the country. They are introduced with great rapidity into all parts of the land, and into thousands of families. The following table shows the growth of the business. The principal companies making them are Wheeler & Wilson, I. M. Singer & Co., and Grover and Baker. Of the machines made by them, there were sold in 1853 about 2 000; 1855, 5,000: 1855, 3 600; 1856, 7,400; 1857. 12 785; 1858, 17,659; 1855, 46,910. Of this vast number sold in 1859. Wheeler & Wilson sold 21,305; I. M. Singer & Co. sold 10,953; Grover & Baker sold 10 280. Nearly one-half of all that have been sold since the invention have been sold during the past year.—*Observer.*

JOHN BROWN'S POCKET-KNIFE.—A citizen of Harper's Ferry, says the Richmond *Enquirer*, has just forwarded for presentation to Gov. Wise the veritable pocket-knife of John Brown. It is an old jack-knife, a bone handle and two blades, and has evidently seen much service. A small brass plate on the handle is engraved with the name "John Brown." On one side of the large blade are now inscribed the words, "Pirate Chief and Robber of Kansas. Taken from his person. Attack on Harper's Ferry Armory, 17th October, 1859." On the other side of the blade: "Presented to Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, by Arch'd M. Kitzmiller."

The Providence *Journal* says: "We lately mentioned that a twelve-pound cannon ball had been found here in a bale of cotton, and we then took occasion to remark that the substitution of iron for sand as an article to increase the weight of the bale showed a slight moral improvement in the dishonest packers. But something worse even than sand has been found in a bale which recently arrived. That is lucifer matches. They were in a pine box, which was partially broken, so that they could not fail to ignite in passing through the picker. Had they not been accidentally discovered, they might have caused the destruction of one of the most valuable mills in this State."

SPIRIT OF THE WESTERN RESERVE.—The following resolution was lately adopted by a public meeting in Ashtabula, Ohio.

Resolved, That we do not lack the power to do right in reference to slavery and slaveholders. We can out-vote them, out-wit them and out-fight them. We have more men, more money, more learning, more enterprise. We have more books, more presses and more powder. We have more railroads, more manufactories, more shipping and more bullets. We can mob as well, and burn as well, and bully as well, and in case of emergency there is Kansas, Canada and Mexico, to say nothing of the Seminoles and slaves, and why should we be trampled upon by the cradle-plunderers of the South?

The Southern Confederacy, published at Atlanta, Ga., has a leader upon the approaching Presidential election, which, after conceding to Mr. Seward "honesty of purpose and the highest order of talent," closes with the following appeal to both North and South:

"Let the North stand up to her great Representative. Meet in sectional Convention at Chicago and nominate Wm. H. Seward for the Presidency. Let your great statesman be brought forth.

"Let the South meet in Convention and nominate *her* candidate for the Presidency. Let him be to the 'manor born,' a statesman true and tried; let him be every inch a Southern man. Let the trumpet sound the charge; let 'the Constitution' be our watchword; let us meet our enemies at Philippi; let us conquer or die."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN in the New York Legislature find a champion in Senator Montgomery, who proposes a bill to secure to married females possession and control of their own property and the right to demand and to receive wages earned and due them. Thousands have wondered why these just and righteous provisions are every year defeated in the Legislature, and I wonder among the rest, notwithstanding I look on and see it done. Why it is done, Senator Montgomery should find out, and lend his energies to the counteraction of the malign influence. Otherwise his proposition will not reach the Executive Chamber.—*Cor. of the Times.*

SOME SUGGESTIVE COMPARISONS.—I do not see that New England has changed. Take Jonathan Edwards and empty him out on a reform dish, and I do not know but you would have a William Lloyd Garrison over again. Even Roger Williams, by some species of transmigration, may have appeared again in Theodore Parker. I do not know but that James Otis and Josiah Quincy may have reappeared in Wendell Phillips; they had monsters in that day, as well as we have now. I do not like the old ones and I do not like the new ones. But I like the soil that tends to produce such men. You cannot have roses without thorns. You cannot have a strong soil without great big ugly things against which you bark your shins and break your knees day after day.—*Dr. Bellows at the New York New England dinner.*

SENATOR MASON AND HIS SUIT.—I saw Senator Mason this morning, but his "home-spun, fashionably-cut suit" was not upon him. Why he had changed it I cannot say. Perhaps the cold weather had something to do with it. I heard a very good thing about that suit yesterday, on the cars. I showed the telegram announcing Mason's style of raiment to a fellow-passenger, who knew him. He laughed and said, "Well, he always did look like a d—— overseer, anyway!" If you happen to know Mason personally, you can't fail to recognize the hit. There is probably no person in Washington, claiming to be a gentleman, who is so utterly pervaded by the plantation air as Mr. Mason. Why, as he takes off his hat, he throws it on one side with such a snap that you would think he was cracking a whip. He is quite the man to have invented the Fugitive Slave law.—*Wash. Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

PARSON BROWNLOW, of Tennessee, bitterly pro-slavery as he is, hates the Democratic party with a perfect hatred. In a recent number of his paper he says:

"We of course will not advise Southern Opposition members what to do, believing them competent to preserve their own self-respect, and to discharge a sworn duty to their country and their constituents. But were we a member of the Southern Opposition in Congress, before we would occupy the paltry and contemptible attitude of creeping after a party that had spurned us by its deliberate acts, we would see the Capitol of the nation, and all the territory north and south of it, sunk to eternal perdition. Nay, we would see all the political organizations in America as far in h—l as a pigeon could fly in a thousand years, or a forge hammer would fall in twice that length of time! Sooner than thus degrade ourself, under the pretence of battling for the homes and rights of our children, we would see them all starve to death, and then seat ourselves upon *their coffins with a Southern gentleman and play push-pin for a drink of lager-bier.*"

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—In the Toronto *Colonist*, under the matrimonial head, appears the following singular notice: "Married—By Rev. John Brown, Presbyterian minister, at the village of Newmarket, township of Whitechurch, C. W., at the residence of the bride's father, Benjamin Hewson, Toronto, Orange Brigade Drum-Major, in full scarlet regimentals, with Orange sash, sword, &c., to Flora, eldest daughter of Mr. Archibald McMillen, of East Gwillimbury, C. W." When the minister got through with the necessary ceremony by law established, with a very appropriate lecture on the occasion, the bridegroom immediately afterwards requested to add a few words on the subject, and, after he had got the sanction of all invited as witnesses, drew his sword from the scabbard, and giving it into the bride's hand, said, in the presence of all there assembled, "I now authorize you, my dear wife, to plunge this naked sword in my breast in case you find me unfaithful to the marriage tie now taken place between me and you (as unworthy of a moment's longer existence); henceforth you will have this sword placed at the head of your bed, at your service."

AMERICAN VERSUS HINDOO CHRISTIANITY.—The pews in the Rowe Street Baptist Church in Boston are held by deeds which forbid their sale to any but a "respectable white person," the design of which is evident. Dr. Whipple, in a letter to *The Congregationalist*, significantly asks whether, "if a body of converts in Calcutta should form themselves into a Church, adopting the creed and covenant of the Rowe Street Baptist Church, and living as nearly in conformity to those documents as the Rowe Street church-members do, with the single exception of obtaining the Hindoo system of *caste* IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, would you call that an '*evangelical*' Church?"

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

There is no institution in Hindostan so unreasonable and wicked as American slavery.—*Zion's Herald.*

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.—The work of emancipation in Russia progresses. A large proprietor in Stardub, a Russian village, has voluntarily emancipated his 181 serfs, and has given to them one-third of his land, requiring from them capitation taxes and all subsisting imposts. This large-hearted man, his name is Herr Nicolai Furgeniew, at the end of the contract, declares that the peasants are at liberty to withdraw from the arrangement as soon as the negotiations between the government and the nobility shall offer them more favorable conditions.

In a recent address to the nobility of Pskow, the Emperor said:

"This question, the freeing of the serfs, is going forward to its solution, and I hope that you expect its consummation with the same reliance on me that I manifested when addressing myself to you, and with the full persuasion that this matter will be concluded to the mutual advantage of both parties—so that the interest of the nobles will be, as far as possible, secured, and, at the same time, the condition of the peasants improved. I am persuaded that you will justify my confidence in you."

THE OCTOROON AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The Boston correspondent of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, in alluding to the performances of the "Octoroon" at the Winter Garden, says:

"I remember, years ago, when John A. Collins was our general agent, he suggested the plan of organizing a company of players to travel over the country and act Anti-Slavery plays, to be written for the purpose. We all laughed at the idea as one of the wildest flights of the imagination of that most practical and most crotchetty of our fellow-servants, and here the stage-players themselves have come up to the work and done it for us, without charge of pains or money, unless for admission to the theatre, if any of us can overcome our reluctance to enter buildings of that description."

John A. Collins was wise in his generation, and he gave a hint to the Abolitionists, which they might have turned to good account, for their own cause, if they had adopted it. Of all the means of appealing to the popular heart, and taking captive the understanding, there are none more sure in their effects than dramatic representations. The "Octoroon" was intended as an anti-slavery drama; but if it is true to nature and to fact, the Abolitionists, as well as their opponents, ought to be satisfied with it. And it appears that all parties are gratified with the "Octoroon."—*New York Courier.*

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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

THEY robed her for another groom—
For her bridal couch prepared the tomb;
From the glad love of her marriage-day
A stronger rival had won her away;
His wooing was like a stern command,
And cold was the pressure of his hand.

Through her veins it sent an icy thrill;
With sudden fear her heart stood still;
To his dusty palace the bride he led;
Her guests were the pale and silent dead.
No eye flashed forth a loving light
To greet the bride as she came in sight,
Not one reached out a joyous hand
To welcome her home to the mystic land.

Silent she sat in the death-still hall;
For her bridal robe she wore a pall;
Instead of orange blossoms fair,
Willow and cypress wreathed her hair;
Though her mother's kiss lay on her cheek,
Her lips no answering love could speak;
No air of life stirred in her breath—
That fair young girl was the bride of Death.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXIV.

MADGE found Helen Mason, looking very pale and worn, lying on a sofa in the pretty little oaken breakfast-room.

"What is it, Helen? Not sick, I hope? Your note was so urgent that I came right away, although papa and I were preparing for a nice long jaunt together. What is the matter, Helen? Sick, dear?" And Madge knelt down beside the sofa and wound her arms around Helen's neck in the prettiest and most coaxing manner.

"Yes, Madge, I'm sick again; that troublesome little hacking, throat-tickling, sleep breaking, good-for-nothing cough has returned; it bothers me all the while. Yesterday I raised a little blood, which seems to have done me good. The doctor was here again this morning, orders me to be quiet and not to take exercise, keep within doors for a week, and live on low diet. He says, however, I shall be the better for the escape of that hot blood. There, Madge dear, reach me that phial, and, if your hand is steady, count out a dozen drops; thank you, I shall feel able to talk presently; this cough mixture is truly a composing and comforting-draught."

She looked at her little French watch, and smilingly added,

"I must have twelve drops more in half an hour. This being sick is something you can't understand, Madge."

"I was never sick in my life. Mamma says I am not elegant enough for an invalid; can't afford a pet cough; too unrefined for a head-ache or heart-ache. Mamma, you know, is often sick."

We don't know that Madge meant to be malicious or wicked, but there was certainly a very queer sort of expression on her face. Helen Mason smiled, and only reached out her hand to clasp Madge's with a loving pressure.

"But, Helen, how and why did you take this ugly cold?"

"Mamma has not been well for several days—unusually wakeful and restless of nights. I watched a great deal with her, and perhaps was not careful of myself, though I tried to be."

"Why did you sit up with her?"

Helen turned her head wearily off.

"Never mind, Madge; but then I will speak. You know poor mamma has been a weary invalid. She is querulous, hard to please, and full of sick people's crotchets, and poor Lydia was almost broken down with constant waiting, and mamma—she is not *naturally* fretful, she is sweet-tempered—was harsh to the girl. Mind you, Madge, she did not *mean* to be unkind. So I dismissed Lydia and took the post myself."

Madge had been earnestly gazing at her friend's face, while her own countenance changed with almost every word.

"Helen," she asked, "isn't it strange mothers never love their children so well as fathers?"

"Why, Madge" (Helen smiled), "they are generally thought to be the most fond and devoted. A mother's love is a synonyme for faithfulness and tenderness."

"Your story-books say so, but I never relish reading them; they are untruthful. Helen, I can count on my fingers the tender words my mother has spoken to me, and I never felt a particle of warmth in her kisses; but my father, his very heart dissolves in love for me. I have come to realize the depth and fervor of his affection. Is there any love like a father's, Helen?"

"Madge, your pulse quickens as you ask that question; hasn't Mr. Butler taught you that there is another? What makes you start so? Stay, don't pull away from me. I must hold this wrist a little longer till it tells me all your secrets?"

"Nonsense, Helen; don't be so foolish. Let me go; talk of something pleasant; only see what a fit of coughing you have brought on by this little wrestle; you have quite spent your strength. Helen! Helen, what is that upon your handkerchief? Gracious! it is blood, and how pale you are, dear Helen!"

"Madge" (in a half whisper), "reach me the salt-cellar from the side-board, and a goblet of water; there, now, I'm better; the blood does not come; it was only a small vessel of the throat which that jerking, nervous little cough broke; don't be frightened, Madge; it's of no possible consequence; I feel much better now. Let us go on with our conversation. Where did we stop?"

"No, Helen, no," Madge broke forth, "you are not well; don't strive to hide it from me. You feel weak; you are pale and wasted since I last saw you; and there is an anxious look on your face. What is it, Helen, that so troubles you? Come, tell your own Madge."

There was a large, shining, bead-like tear in the sick girl's eye when she reached forth her hand to take hold of Madge's.

"No, darling, no, I am happy to-day; anxious I may be, for life is uncertain to all and short to me; but do you know, dear Madge, that I sent for you to tell you that I am soon to be married?"

"Indeed! Helen."

"Yes, dear."

"*To be married soon?*"

"Yes," with a bright smile and a gentle pressure of the hand.

"Helen, what shall I do when you are married?"

"*Go and do likewise.*"

"Nonsense! ridiculous! silly! Helen, you don't mean really *soon?* You mean in two or three years?"

"No, in two weeks."

"*You shan't!* I'll oppose the bans."

"Where is Mr. Butler?"

"Gone to New Orleans."

"When does he return?"

"I don't know; some time next spring. Papa had a letter from him last week."

"And when did Madge have hers?"

"What a question, Helen!"

"You are not so free and frank as you used to be, dear; there was a time—it does not seem long gone—when I was the first one to know all your affairs. Now you keep your secrets. But never mind, Madge, if you had rather not tell me *all* now, I can afford to wait; for certain I am that the time will come when you will tell me everything."

Madge tried to speak, but her lips only worked nervously; the tongue was silent. Words would not come forth; tears were in her eyes, which Helen perceived, and, kindly taking her hand, said,

"No, Madge, no, I'd rather not hear it now. Wait awhile. Nurse your secret longer; it is not old and strong enough to bear the air; hide it longer; don't be confused and shy; don't turn away from me. I will tell you now of my plans. Mr. Norton and I did not at first intend to be married so soon. We expected to wait for two or three years; but mamma's health is so frail, and I am not strong; we need a gentleman in the house; it has been so forlorn since poor papa's death that we have all, in council assembled, concluded it is better to hasten matters a little, and, indeed, Madge, I am not sorry. I feel constantly the necessity of near intellectual companionship and the presence of a watchful friend. *He* will make things look brighter in the house. You will come to see us often, Madge?"

"Yes—but, Helen, tell me how Mr. Morton talks; he is in raptures, I suppose."

Helen smiled as she replied,

"*He is a lover, Madge,* and, of course, for the while, has lost somewhat of his cold, quiet dignity. Yet I have a half fear at times that he will grow tired of me, his life is so intensely intellectual. I have said this to him, but he is so good, so condescending that he says I will always be a spring of delight to him. Yet it does seem as if one of the sons of light had become enamored of a daughter of earth. How can he decline to my level? It makes me tremble, and I shade my eyes from the dazzling glare of the future."

Helen's cheeks were suffused in crimson and a beautiful enthusiasm lighted up her usually pensive eye. Madge marked these signs.

"Helen," she asked, "what will he do with your negroes?"

"Set them free, of course, dear; I am perfectly willing; and mamma, though not an Abolitionist, will not now object. Mr. Norton has gained such complete power over her that she will not dispute his authority in anything; and who *could*, who would fight against his keen sense of right?"

"Will he do this, Helen?"

"Certainly, dear, for he abhors slaveholding; it seems the strongest article in his creed, and so powerful and earnest have been his arguments that I am quite won over to his way of thinking. Slavery is an institution as old and near to me as any home relation or domestic tie I have on earth; I had, from custom, come to think it right; but his mind, like a great lamp swung up in the darkness of my life, has revealed to me the horrors amidst which I dwell. I am determined not to be any longer unjust and cruel. Our slaves, at least, *shall* be free. I sometimes fear that I will be too weak to bear, in every word and act of my future, an unflinching protest against the system. I so much dislike making a crusade against the community in which I live, but then *he* will be by to encourage and strengthen me, and I'll not falter. This question has taken very great hold upon my thoughts. Though I am not like you, Madge, active and demonstrative, I *feel* keenly, and hope to do my little part as well as I can. If I remember aright, Mr. Butler has a strong feeling against slavery."

"Not a *feeling*, but a principle. Everything with Mr. Butler comes from his head. He *thinks* about Right and Wrong, and reads and writes about it. I only *see* these things. They are before me like sunshine, starlight; I know them, but cannot define their laws. Papa says Mr. Butler is a safe man, and has no temerity. Helen, papa explains my idea of right-doing by the name of temerity. He says if a man attempt to preach anti-slavery in a slave community, he is a rash man. I should call him a good man. Papa said, the other day, when I pressed him hard, that *perhaps* slavery was wrong in the abstract (he talks so much about the abstract—I'm sure I don't know exactly what he means), and that it would probably die out with the advance of a more perfect civilization. This kind of talk is very puzzling to me; it bothers my head and puts me all wrong. I can't follow papa and Mr. Butler when they spin out their thoughts, fine as a spider's web."

Just then a mulatto girl, with a bright eye and a clear, golden complexion, came into the room. She was tidily dressed, and had such a fresh, smart manner that even in a drawing-room she would have been a noticeable person.

"How d'ye do, Lyd?" exclaimed Madge, in her free, careless way.

"Good mornin', Miss Madge; how is it with yerself?"

"Well as usual, Lyd; but what makes you let your Miss Helen get sick so often?"

"Laws, Miss Madge, Miss Helen is one of 'em sickly sort. It 'pears to me she's too delicate fur anything but to look at, jist like 'em white lilies. I always thinks of Miss Helen when I looks at 'em lilies; but you, Miss Madge—laws, now, you's jest for all this world like that big, red monthly rose—always fresh and gay. It does us good to have you come here. You fills up this room and makes it sweet and cheerful, like the roses and the sunshine. I do wish you'd stay more 'long Miss Helen, for you always helps her up mightly; she is better for two or three days after you comes. But she'll soon have somebody else to keep her company an' cheer her up; then she'll git well." This allusion was followed by a hearty burst of good-natured laughter, in which Madge joined while Helen smiled.

"Poor, faithful girl," she exclaimed as the mulatto left the room, "she well deserves to be free. How lovingly she has served us. Her good humor is almost without a parallel. I never knew her spirits give way under the most trying circumstances, when, indeed, I have seen her in situations where almost any nature would give way; and, Madge, her natural sense and shrewdness are very remarkable. When I am sick or '*dawncy*,' as she expresses it, she comes to my bedside with some pleasant news or ready jest, which quite enlivens me. I don't think I could get along without her. At the time of my father's death, she was my greatest consolation. She felt that affliction deeply, yet all the time sought to conceal it from me, lest she might deepen my own grief."

"Yes," said Madge, slowly, "these poor negroes, coarse, rough-appearing as they are, often show the most delicate and refined sensibility. They are constantly surprising us in such fine little ways. I always loved them, even before I began to see the unjust position in which they are now placed, for I found, in all my little childish troubles, that they sympathized more truly with me than any others. You know, Helen, I had an old negro woman for my wet-nurse, and they say she was unusually kind, tender and affectionate. Poor mamma was so sick after my birth that I was sent off with old mammy Luce, and was never seen by my own mother until I was two years old, and then only at rare and distant intervals. They say that mothers who do not nurse their children seldom love them much, and my old colored mammy seemed to fear that my mother did not love me enough."

"Where is she—your old mammy Luce, I mean?"

"Oh, papa liberated her. I have often heard him say that he couldn't bear to hold in slavery the woman at whose breast I had nursed. He also gave her a handsome amount, which keeps her from want. I wish I could see her; but I suppose she is happy in some of those populous free States. I often think most tenderly of her, for, as I remember, she was kind to me. Ah, how often I wish that my own mother were half so fond; but its idle to make such wishes. Helen, when I used to—as a child—go up and fling my arms round mamma's neck, she always seemed afraid that I would crush or injure her fine lace collars, and I learned to know that my place was not closest to my mother's heart; her lace and jewels were nearer."

"Madge, you may do injustice to your mother. She is different from you, and has these fine, fashionable tastes; but I don't question her affection for you. Why, just think, you are her only child; she *must* love you, though she is undemonstrative. But tell me, did your father acknowledge that he sold Jack and Milly?"

"Yes; and, Helen, I said frightful things to him. They seemed almost to crush him; it was in that terrible interview I first learned how dear I was to his heart. My words cut him like a knife. Poor papa, he will never break another promise to me, or sell another slave, I am sure."

The servant here announced Mr. Norton, and also told Madge that her father was waiting for her. She rose to go, and, flinging her arms round Helen's neck, exclaimed,

"Dear Helen! God bless you. I am rejoiced to find you happy, so happy in this new relation you are about to form; but—but—but" (with sobs) "don't forget your poor Madge"; and, without waiting for an answer, she ran out of the house and rejoined her father at the gate.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

THE members of the Unitarian Church in Montreal were agreeably surprised on a recent Sabbath evening, by an occurrence which happened after the usual evening service. The large number of colored people in the pews was remarked, and it was not until the close of the service that the object of their presence in such force was explained. Immediately after the Benediction, and when Rev. Mr. Cordner had descended from the pulpit, Rev. Mr. Wood, rising from the pews of the church, came forward, and addressing Rev. Mr. Cordner, said that it was his pleasing duty, on behalf of the colored inhabitants of this city, to present a copy of the Holy Scriptures, as a slight testimonial of their esteem for the noble and fearless manner in which its holy principles on behalf of the down-trodden had been asserted and vindicated from the pulpit of this church. On their behalf, he also expressed a fervent wish that Mr. Cordner might long be spared to set forth before the world these principles; and after some further appropriate remarks, he concluded by hoping that all should be so guided by the principles in this sacred book, that in the Father's Mansions above we should meet and rejoice together in the presence of God, who made of one blood all nations of men.

Mr. Cordner replied by saying that he gratefully accepted their gift, as a token of their brotherly kindness and Christian good-will. As for the notice which had been taken of what he recently spoke on behalf of human freedom and right, he said that he held those principles as bound up with the Gospel, which the blessed Lord announced as a message of deliverance. To him they were part and parcel of the Christian message, and he felt constrained to preach them. For woe unto him if he should not preach the Gospel! Some took upon themselves the special function of urging the claims of human freedom as against bondage. To these he bade God-speed; but for him, his special function was to teach and preach the Gospel as a whole; and he always spoke on this subject as he thought circumstances demanded. If ever his eye grew dim, or his conscience dead to the great claims of human brotherhood, freedom and right, he would regard this book as a memento to awaken him to his duty, and stimulate his energies in this cause. He reciprocated all the good wishes of his colored brethren, and hoped, through the mercy of God, to meet them in that higher sphere where there is no crying, nor tears, nor groans, nor wrongs.

During the ceremony, the whole body of colored people remained standing, and appeared very much affected by the proceedings.

The book is a handsomely bound copy of the Oxford edition of the Holy Bible, and bears this inscription:

PRESENTED
TO
THE REV. JOHN CORDNER,
BY THE
Colored People of Montreal, as a sincere
testimonial of their esteem for his
efforts and sympathies in the
Cause of Human Freedom.
January 1st, 1860.

JOHN BROWN.

NOT any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee:
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth,
From the Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till the strong angel comes at last
And opes each dungeon door,
And God's "Great Charter" holds and waves
O'er all His humble poor.

And then the humble poor will come
In that far-distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
They'll brush the leaves away:
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes
Where "Old John Brown" was laid.

REV. E. H. SEARS.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE SLAVE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

YOU'VE heard of that old Roman, of still-enduring fame,
Who pierced her pure, young, loving heart, to keep his child from shame.
If young, with flashing eye your hand the mord'rous steel has sought,
To slay the wretched miscreant who such despair had wrought;
If aged, tears have fill'd your eyes and bathed your furrow'd cheek,
And prayers arisen, that Heav'n would stand between the strong and weak.

Now, young and gray-haired, I've a ta'e of modern days t' unfold,
As mournful and heroic as that dark deed of old.
But "camp and city" rise not now, as once they nobly rose,
T' avenge *one* maiden's hapless fate, *one* father's madd'ning woes.

Upon a large plantation, in a democratic land,
Liv'd a man whose lofty bearing seem'd fitted to command;
Rice swamps and cotton fields he own'd, and men and women too,
And yet no despot was he, but gentle, kind and true.
No cruel lashings, parting tears, were known in his domains;
The quiet, grateful race he ruled almost forgot their chains;
He gave them all a master could, while they remain'd his slaves;
Food, clothing, shelter, till their death, then very decent graves.
If wife or children had been his, he would as soon have thought
Of selling them as these poor things who his protection sought.
Bereav'd and lonely, they were all that link'd him to his kind;
And tho' he meant, he still deferr'd, their fetters to unbind;
Thinking—ah! foolishly—that Death would sound a warning note—
He could not drag him unprepared to Charon's ghostly boat!
Deluded man! no warning came—a summer shower, no more—
The thunder rolls—the lightning darts—it strikes—his plans are o'er.
Ah, happy huts! ah, childhood's smile! ah, age's clinging clasp!
All now exchang'd for writhings beneath Oppression's grasp.

Among the household laborers was one, tho' tender, brave;
Her master's cradle she had rock'd, now wept beside his grave.
The softly tinted cheek, the features' classic mould,
The smoothly braided hair, her birth distinctly told.
Her self-forgetting life was pass'd without reproach or blame;
To her, when sick or suffering, both high and lowly came.
One worthy of her loving heart had blessed her early years—
But he was gone where slaves are not. Oh! bitter, bitter tears
Baptiz'd her helpless infant, as she breath'd the sacred vow—
"Thy father's waiting arms shall clasp thee, pure as thou art now."

Poor Ruth! henceforth she had no aim, no hope, no thought,
Beyond those outstretch'd arms, whose touch a miracle had wrought;
The broken heart made whole, the palsied energies restor'd,
An inspiration new through all her being pour'd.
Her doting heart almost forgot the bliss of early loves,
While watching little Lena sport among the orange groves,
Or, like a squirrel, climb aloft the smooth and branchless tree,
And, as the milky fruit descends, shout forth her ecstasy;
Or, trembling, and yet pleas'd, behold that precious freight of love
Plunge 'neath the waves, then rise their crested heads above,
And seek a loving haven, another load to take
Of kisses and embraces, and another voyage make.
Oh! beautiful and blessed bond, in servile race as strong
As midst those brave old Romans, with whom began my song.

The Northern heir, good *Christian* man! he could not bear to hold
His fellow-men in thrall, so doom'd them straightway to be *sold!*
A Christian! and the plainest rule of Christian morals spurn!
A Pagan from such sophistry contemptuously would turn.

A glorious morn—oh! how could Heav'n upon such horrors smile?
Owners, traders and overseers had travell'd many a mile
To see "the rich plantation" well fill'd with human stock—
Husbands, and wives, and children, around the auction-block!
They could not see, poor darken'd minds! how *right* such acts could be,
And mutter'd, "Massa tell us when he be dead, den we be free."

In midst of frantic gestures, tears and sobs, the human sale began,
And ties, God-formed, inhumanly were rent by sacrilegious man.
Close to the auctioneer there stood a pair, who seem'd to be
Anticipating all the depth of parting agony.
A little boy, their own, their all, clung to his mother's dress;
Unconscious of his fate, he wept at sight of their distress.
Behind these crouch'd poor Ruth, her loving arms round Lena twin'd
With frantic grasp, which seem'd to utter silently, "Unbind
This Heav'n-link'd love-chain, if thou canst: together we will die,
Or live—it matters not to me. Man's power I defy.
We have a kind Protector awaiting us on high."

She mark'd the keen, approving glances cast upon her child,
And closer drew the love-chain, with looks and gestures wild.
"How d'ye sell that lot? the three together or apart?"
"Apart." "That's right; I want the wench; come, quick, I must depart."
'Tis quickly done; the man must go far South—away—away;
His wife to Alabama—the child to Ches'peak Bay.
Oh! what a fearful shriek arose, which seem'd to pierce the sky—
"For God's sake, give me back my child—one kiss before I die!"
Poor wretch! a fate so blissful awaits not such as thou;
Life shall return, and fix those lines of anguish on thy brow.

Order restor'd, the auctioneer—a better name would be
The executioner—took up his list. "'Twill suit, I see—
A strong and healthy girl—fifteen, active, and willing too.
Here, my friend Billy Blackleg, a right good chance for you;
Come, give a generous bid, 'old boy.'" "Well, bring her out, I say;
She might as well be in a chest as where she's been all day."

All turn'd to where she had been seen, nor she, nor Ruth was there;
Thro' mansion, garden, fields and stream, they sought the missing pair—
Thro' mansion, garden, fields and stream, but all of no avail,
Till, passing near an orange grove, they heard a mournful wail.
Outran a child, and in his hands a string of amber beads;
Some knew it, and cried "Lena's," and rapidly each speeds
Into the orange grove; there lay, down deep in shady place,
The idol and its worshipper, lock'd in a fast embrace.
A shudder ran thro' all the crowd!—not all: Bill Blackleg cried,
"A lash would wake them up, I think; it better be applied."

Brave, loving mother! thou'st fulfil'd thy solemn vow to Heav'n,
And to her father's waiting arms his spotless Lena given.
Until she saw how scorn'd were a mother's prayers and sighs,
She hoped some blessed charm would stay such cruel sacrifice;
Tho' to herself she said, "God ne'er obedience will demand."
The sure and speedy messenger was ever near at hand,
Great skill had she in med'cine, in herbs and minerals too,
And the varied strength of poisons, as if by instinct, knew.
But frenzied with the with'ring dread that Lena might survive,
She play'd the niggard to herself, and liv'd with life to strive.

The living from the dead unclasp'd, they bore her to the home
Which had been *his*, and hers, and Lena's. How her thoughts would roam
Through Memory's crowded halls! but verbal form took only one;
In low and dirge-like tones she breath'd from dawn to set of sun,
"She's with him now—she's with him now," and thro' the midnight hours,
Falling almost as noiselessly as dew on sleeping flowers.
Kind, loving words were spoken, for Ruth was lov'd by all,
But her senses seem'd entranced by some wizard's potent thrall;
She look'd a breathing statue, cold, motionless, alone,
Forever whispering, "She's with him now," in low, funereal tone.

It is the solemn midnight hour, when all are wrapp'd in sleep,
Save the moon and stars, which lovingly their quiet vigils keep,
And she, the broken-hearted, who slumber ne'er will know
Till Death, God's friendly messenger, shall break her cup of woe—
See with what cautious step she glides through every cherished spot
Where blessed hopes were born, and died, but ne'er to be forgot.
One loving glance, one mute farewell, and earthly pangs are o'er—
She's with *them* now, where slavery's chains can bind their limbs no more;
The stream where Lena lov'd to sport is now her mother's grave—
Poor victim of the white man's wrong—the noble-hearted Slave.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—Dr. Krapff's narrative of his missionary labors and researches in Africa will, it is said, be as widely read as Livingstone's interesting book. It would seem as if all African mysteries were now to be cleared up, for yet another book is to be published at Vienna by Ladislaus Magyar, a Hungarian, who has lived in Africa ever since 1849, where, having married the daughter of a chief, he had excellent opportunities for safe travel and observation, and availed himself thereof to explore certain countries south of the Equator which hitherto have scarcely been known even by name.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ENGLISH VIEWS OF JOHN BROWN.

From The London Morning Star.

THERE was no "bunkum" in Brown. North and South in the United States admit that there was, to use a favorite and expressive phrase of theirs, the true "grit" in him. There was no fine sand in his composition, sleekly and ignominiously sliding through the hour-glass of life. He was an angular bit of granite that kept its place on the shore of events—though all the surges of the sea beat against it. He was a gnarled oak, unbending before the tempest. In this place, nor at this time, we neither discuss his aims nor his conflict; neither its wisdom nor its consequences: we have to do to-day with a stern, single-minded, God-fearing, Puritan souled man, who has died for an idea, and that a disinterested and generous one. We will not allow any opinion upon his principles to jar with the rightful estimate of his personal qualities. We do not treat him as a martyr, but as a man. The world is full enough of those who, in supine ease, shrink from the discharge of tame duties; and if unselfish heroism gleams on the world from a scaffold, it should not want acknowledgment.

Osawatomie Brown! "What a name to fill the speaking trump of fame." He must be in a way a man of genius to reconcile the fastidious ears of Europe to such a patronymic. Yet for the space of six weeks that name has eclipsed all others occurring in the free press of two worlds. Our news columns have informed our readers of the events of Harper's Ferry—the subsequent capture, trial and sentence of one John Brown, oftener called "Old Brown," and better distinguished as "Osawatomie Brown." The last American mail brought, as our readers of yesterday saw, particulars of his execution. Brown was a man moulded in hardships and the Bible. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" did for him what Swift's "Tale of a Tub" did for Cobbett. Cobbett read in Kew-gardens—Brown as he lay in churchyards, or following the troops of his country engaged in patriotic struggles. Brown had a Puritan mind. He feared God, but evidently, from his youth upwards, feared nobody else. He was what is sometimes denominated a "square man," with a "back bone perfectly straight." Very firm men incline a little from the perpendicular. Brown inclined none. He was no "stump orator." His mental composition was Carlylesque. He acted; and stood by his acting. His countrymen who did not sympathize with his principles, even those widely opposed to him, could not but feel gratified at the American nerve he displayed unflinchingly to the end. . . . . His obvious truthfulness, which no vanity amplified nor any fear abridged, was conspicuous. He neither braved his sentence nor shrunk from it. His conduct was utterly free from effect making. His speech was always that of a modest, determined, shrewd, sensible, well-possessed man. Mrs. Brown herself seems an equally remarkable woman, and is described as being "courageous without insensibility, tender without weakness"; and her bearing in the last interview was worthy of a Roman wife.

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Brown was no more a fanatic than a tradesman or an artist, who discharges his duties in a right line, is a fanatic. He was no more a fanatic than George Stephenson or James Watt, or any of the men whom Dr. Smiles discourses of in his "Self Help." We repeat we do not discuss here the object of Brown, but the character of his life and mind. It is also remarkable that this strict-thinking Puritan desired for himself and comrades the burial of Shelley, and wished that their bones should be calcined and their ashes purified by fire. But the tone in which he declined any religious ceremony after his death has a majestic mournfulness in it. "He said that he desired no religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold, from ministers who consent or approve of the enslavement of their fellow-creatures; that he would prefer rather to be accompanied to the scaffold by a dozen slave children and a good old slave mother, with their appeal to God for blessings on his soul, than all the eloquence of the whole clergy of the commonwealth combined." This intense reliance on humanity the late Leigh Hunt would have recorded as one of the heroic utterances of the "Religion of the Heart." Brown's end became his life. During the ten minutes he was kept on the scaffold with the rope round his neck, that certain military displays might be perfected, he neither blenched nor wearied. . . . . Upon Brown's act for which he suffered this is not the time to pass judgment—but it is not good to keep silence when an honest man dies for an unselfish idea. There is something in this spectacle which will ever stir the pulses of men. The end of titled and pompous egotism may attract the vacant glare of the fool or the praise of the hireling scribe; but the bier of the brave, however humble, who die for others, brings the throb to the heart and the tear to the eye; and many who here glance unheedingly at palace and tower, will descry with interest that distant Virginian scaffold which to-day becomes one of the historic sights of the world.

From The Manchester Examiner.

The gallows has lately closed the career of a man who will hold no infamous place in history. We refer of course to the execution of John Brown, the instigator and leader of the slave insurrection at Harper's Ferry. As we read the particulars of that lamentable event, we insensibly correct the fallacious impression established by custom with regard to the ignominiousness of certain modes of punishment. After all, the hangman is not necessarily the bestower of infamy; the rope does not always make a man's reputation loathsome and abhorred. Old Brown has died the death of murderers, but no man ever died in a nobler cause, or died more nobly. It is a huge misfortune for any State when its laws condemn men to death for crimes which one-half of its own citizens, and the bulk of mankind generally, will extol as virtues. This is only one aspect of the retributive effects of slavery. It is not in the nature of things for a great and civilized nation to connive at an enormous wrong without paying the penalty in some form or another. The righteousness which governs the world will not be mocked and evaded with impunity. Twenty millions of white men are physically competent to hold three millions of black men in slavery, but it is totally out of their power to frustrate the inevitable consequences of such a violation of the moral law. Their own consciences will create avengers. However selfishness may blunt the perceptions of those who are engaged in the crime, the instincts of every honest heart will protest against their miserable sophistry, and brand them as assassins of the most sacred rights, as traitors at the bar of God and man.

The act for which Brown has been hanged is, of course, legally a crime. It is an offence against the State. He conspired to set men free, to rescue them from the condition of chattels, and restore to them the full enjoyment of the prerogatives which belong rightfully to all men. If the laws of the United States had been in harmony with justice, there would have been no room for the commission of such a crime. We do not wish to blink the fact that Brown sought to effect his end by violent measures. He believed it right to appeal to the sword, to enlist bloodshed on the side of freedom. There was not the slightest chance of success in such an attempt, and hence he is chargeable with a grave, perhaps a criminal, responsibility. But viewing his conduct in the very worst light, we find nothing to prevent us from placing him side by side with those patriots of all ages who have loved liberty, not wisely, but too well. He aimed at a righteous object, he was inspired by the loftiest sentiments, he risked his life for the welfare of the oppressed of another race than his own, he has expiated his chivalrous daring by a death at the hands of the executioner, and he has borne his fate with the lofty spirit of a martyr. The world's opinion is usually stamped by success. If Washington had failed in the War of Independence, and been hanged at New York, he would have figured in history merely as an unsuccessful rebel, instead of being idolized as the Father of his Country. If the French generals who were apprehended in their beds early on the morning of the 2d December had got scent of the project the night before, Louis Napoleon would probably have been put to death as a traitor against the French republic, and his memory branded with the odium of a foul conspiracy; as it is, we know he is the greatest man in Europe, a monarch comparable to Louis XIV., famous in arms, and the very model of magnanimity, sagacity and moderation. If Brown, by some miracle, could have placed himself at the head of the black race in North America, driven the planters over the Missouri, and founded a flourishing republic of colored men, with New Orleans for its capital, his fame would have rivalled that of Washington, and the world would have voted him a place among its greatest heroes. For the crime of failure he is a felon. We do not question for a moment the political necessity which has dealt with him as a traitor, but in a higher sphere than that of politics we may venture to award a truer verdict.

There is something dangerously fascinating in the lofty fanaticism of this man. It might have been a blunder to have set him free, but it is unquestionably a political misfortune that the Americans were bound to hang him. His death cannot fail to deepen and embitter the hostility which divides the Northern from the Southern States, and to advance, by peaceful or by violent means, the cause of the Abolitionists. * * * * *

If the United States can afford to hang such men, they are a fortunate people. It would be a glorious thing if the whole race of planters and Wall street speculators could be made to possess a tithe of the virtues of old Brown. He is hanged mainly because, bating a few errors, he preferred the service of God to the service of the Devil, and it cannot but go ill with any country where that preference is made by law a hanging matter. This is the real evil to be abated, and not the likelihood of more Harper's Ferry insurrections. A nation may outlive an occasional riot, but it cannot outlive determinate, wholesale treason against the first principles of natural equity. They must resolve to strangle the treason, or it will strangle them. But the attempt to get out of the difficulty, even in the honestest and most straightforward manner, will be necessarily arduous. Will the long-continued conspiracy against human rights be satisfied with a less inexorable expiation than the rupture of the Federal tie? This or something worse would seem to be imminent, if any credit is to be attached to the Southern declarations published in the *New York Herald.* If those threats are authentic, and, being authentic, anything more than bombast, the Northern States must consent to be plunged into a deeper slough of villany, or withdraw from an unholy alliance with men-owners. How they will resolve on this point remains to be seen, but assuredly half-a-dozen executions of such men as old Brown would settle the question.

From The Edinburgh Witness.

THE fact that Brown has died on a gallows does not go very far with us, at least it is not conclusive as to his being the rebel and murderer which he has been called. The Americans have raised their scaffold very high; they have hanged this old man on a gallows a good deal taller than Haman's; a gallows, in fact, as tall as to be seen across the Atlantic. They can scarce fail to perceive the result of their own proceedings. They have taken Brown's matter out of the ordinary category of a domestic or United States affair, which it would have been had no execution followed, and they have made it an affair of our common humanity. Hanging him as they have done in the sight of the world, they invite the world to canvass the justice of his sentence. Let us, then, look back on what he was, and on the train of events which shaped that career that ended so fatally for himself in the first instance.

Insanity, fanaticism, murder, are the three crimes charged against him. The indictment is self-contradictory, but let that pass. If Brown was what he is accused of being, the facts cannot be other than plentiful and at hand for establishing the accusation. We have been, as yet at least, but sparingly indulged with these facts. We look at his sayings when arrested, and when standing on his trial. There is no incoherence in them; there is no claim to a divine commission, or a superhuman character, as is the wont of the fanatically insane. On the contrary, all is cool, collected, singularly sober. We must dismiss the charge of insanity; and so much the better for the United States government that this charge is dismissed, for it becomes just so much the easier to make good the last part of the indictment, that of murder, to wit. That Brown was taken with arms in his hands, and that blood had been shed in the conflicts in which he acted as leader, is admitted. But no one needs be told that all blood-shedding is not murder. Even where there is blame, high blame, the person on whom that blame lies may yet come far short of the higher and awful culpability of murder.

In running over the story of his life, as authenticated by those who knew him, there rises before us the image of a Puritan of the seventeenth century, grave, upright, stern, God-fearing. He might be taken almost for one of Cromwell's Ironsides risen from the dead. Had he lived in England during the Commonwealth, he certainly would have been one of them.

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It is undeniable that Brown made war, that he raised insurrection; but his crime or his merit in doing so must be determined not by the issue, which was a failure, not by the means, which were totally inadequate, but by his object and aim. His object was to liberate the colored population of the Union. We must admit that the object was a worthy and noble one. Brown may have been rash and unwise in the means he sought to attain it; he may have been maddened in the end by his cruel and terrible wrongs; but we cannot endorse the accusation of "rebel and murderer." We could not endorse that accusation, in the circumstances, but on principles that would make William Tell a rebel and murderer; on principles that would make William Wallace a rebel and murderer; on principles that would make the Pentland men rebels and murderers; and that would affix the same stigma upon the Americans themselves. They, too, rebelled, but, happily for themselves, they were not in so great a minority as Brown was, when they rose against the yoke of the mother country, nor did their attempt end in the same failure as his. Let us be just. Some one must lead the way in the perilous battle of freedom; some one must be the first to sacrifice not life only, but reputation also—the first to mount the breach in the bulwarks of despotism, and to die in the gap; otherwise tyranny could never be overthrown. One man standing alone in such an enterprise is the noblest of all spectacles; his fall is more glorious than the most glorious triumphs of others. The accession of thousands to his cause—it may be after he is cold in the grave—may make that cause more successful; it cannot make it a whit more righteous. On its own merits must it be judged.

This affair presents the subject of American slavery, to us on this side of the Atlantic, in several aspects that are new. On these we cannot now dwell, but undoubtedly the matter demands serious consideration on the part of our brethren. They cannot now hide from themselves that this question is fast coming to a head, and that it already imperils the safety and stability of the Union. They cannot but feel that they are resting on a mine, which a single hand may fire, else why the panic into which they were thrown by the Harper's Ferry insurrection? why the strange haste with which the trial of poor Brown was hurried through, and the vast bodies of military which were massed around the old man's scaffold? Nor do we at all like this blood. The throne of Napoleon has been not quite so strong since Orsini was beheaded; and the memory of Brown's scaffold is like to be treasured by the colored race, and the cry for abolition will be strengthened, and, in the eyes of not a few, sanctified, by his blood.

From The Ulster (Ireland) Banner.

THERE is a terrible moral in the Harper's Ferry tragedy which America ought to lay to heart. There is a significance in the crushed conspiracy which stretches far. Woe be to the nation which nurses such fanatics as "Old Brown, of Osawatomie"—men of honest purpose and benevolent singleness of heart—but whose existence seems to be the ordained curse upon tolerated and instituted wrong! It is a dreadful thing to have men like Ralph Waldo Emerson—errorist as he is, but with a mighty hold upon the intellect of his age—glorifying the gallows which consummated the "martyr-tragedy." But so long as a nation chooses to maintain, in contempt of laws human and divine, an institution so much at variance with the spirit and letter of Scripture as to provoke earnest and pious spirits to deeds of frenzied violence, let it never imagine itself exempt from a succession of those reckless outbreaks which attest the existence of organic wrong, or screen itself from the infamy which springs from long admitted and long tolerated evils.

* * * * * * * *

We believe that the execution of John Brown will become a critical event in the history of American slavery. It will add an element of intense bitterness to the approaching Presidential election. The Abolitionists glorify him as a martyr, though the large majority reprehend the mode in which his advocacy of the slave was displayed; and it is much to be feared that his execution will not stop the determination of the more fanatical section to achieve the work of slave emancipation by other than political and moral methods. The idea of the employment of force will now spread and become familiar, and unless some action is taken by individual States to emancipate their slaves, the time will come when, under altered social conditions, another Brown may organize a more successful rebellion, let loose the murderous passions of men in a more bloody strife, and America become the theatre of a revolution the most appalling in history. We believe that the Harper's Ferry tragedy is only the beginning of woes.

DEGRADING TREATMENT OF PERSONS OF COLOR.

To the Editor of The (Edinburgh) Witness.

SIR: Will you insert the following letter relating to the degrading treatment of persons of color on board a British steamer from America, and at the office of the American Minister, Hon. Mr. Dallas? The writer of the letter is a young lady of color, spending the winter in London, who deeply feels the injustice practised towards her oppressed race, and who is truly devoted to their cause, and on whom Lord Brougham thought it no degradation to call, to confer on the anti-slavery question.

Will you allow me also to inquire if such iniquitous prejudice is to be tolerated in this country and its vessels, and if such distinctions exist on board the steamers generally between America and this country? The Glasgow line at least, I hope, is free from such degrading regulations. Yours, &c., E. W.

Miss Remond says: "Every colored American knows, from bitter experience, his liability to receive insult from the majority of the American people. We do not expect it under English influences. My sister, Mrs. Putnam, and her friends, had first-class tickets from Boston to Liverpool; after the purchase of the tickets they were informed that they would not be allowed equal privileges with other first-class passengers. Mrs. Putnam remonstrated with the Boston agent; the health of two of the party was the object of the voyage, more particularly that of one, who left our climate, by the advice of his physicians, as a last resource for the restoration of his health. No American vessels will take colored passengers except with similar restrictions; and if English steamers imitate Americans, the only reason for colored persons to take the former in preference is that they are sure of kinder treatment on board the English vessels. A short time after the Europa left Boston, a waiter informed Mrs. Putnam and her friends that they could not go to the table with other first-class passengers. They asked to see the captain. The steward then came, and Mrs. Putnam remonstrated with him; but he said, as the waiter had said, that she and her friends would not be allowed to go to the table. The captain did not come. The only point is this—whether men and women, guilty of no crime but having a dark complexion, should be liable to such injustice on board English steamers?

"The facts relating to the passports are these: I called at 24 Portland Place, the office of the American Minister, the Hon. Mr. Dallas, with my passport, which I obtained before I left the United States. I asked to have it *viséd* for the purpose of going to Paris. The secretary said I was not a citizen of the United States, and he could not sign it. I informed him that I was a citizen of Salem, Massachusetts, and Massachusetts acknowledged my citizenship, and the fact of my having the passport was a proof of my citizenship. The secretary still refused to sign it, and said I ought to be satisfied with his *refusal.* During the conversation I turned to my sister and said, 'Thank God! we are in a country where our rights are respected, and I have no doubt we shall obtain passports which will take us to Paris.' This remark called forth from the gentlemanly secretary this reply: 'If you do not cease this conversation, I will have you put out of this house.' Most earnestly would I ask all who read this letter to judge what the spirit of a country is that will allow such treatment to its citizens—the spirit that enslaves 4,000,000 of men and women, and insults in this manner the free colored population of the States. I have told you the facts, but no words can express the mental suffering we are obliged to bear because we happen to have a dark complexion. No language can give one an idea of the spirit of prejudice that exists in the States.

"I am, most respectfully, yours,
"SARAH P. REMOND."

To the Editor of The (London) Star.

SIR: I had the best opportunity of witnessing the incredible force of prejudice against persons of color in the exclusion of the young gentleman of African descent in the Europa, to whom reference is made in the *Star* of to-day. There was no person on board who conducted himself with more gentlemanly propriety. He dined with me in the gentlemen's cabin beneath the saloon, and I was much interested in his manners and conversation. I could not but mark the contrast between his gentle deportment and the fierce temper of a youth from the Southern States, who on one occasion took up a knife and threatened in passion to use it against the steward. Every day I entered into discussion on the subject of slavery, defending, to the extent of my ability, the cause of the negro, and claiming for him the common rights of humanity. I found the apologists for slavery by no means confined to Americans. It is so in the United States. The majority of the native citizens in the candidateship of Fremont pronounced against slavery; and but for the Irish vote, there would be no representatives of the pro-slavery party at the American Embassy. Several American passengers complained in the most indignant terms at the exclusion of the people of color from the saloon. On the occasion of some festivity at the close of the voyage, I observed an American lady went to invite the young gentleman and his companion to come into the saloon. Strike home against the root of the evil, and spare no effort for its removal; but discriminate, and do not confound friend with foe.

A PASSENGER IN THE EUROPA.

Advertisements.

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Persons wishing to order any of the above publications by mail should enclose the price, including postage, in a letter addressed to the American Anti-Slavery Society, 138 Nassau street, New York.

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Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

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PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

HELPER'S "IMPENDING CRISIS" of the SOUTH can be had, Wholesale and Retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

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CLOTHIER & PEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.
JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great painstaken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
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